Rev. WM. BOOTH, General. T. H. ADAMS, Commissioner.

The War Cry

The All Round the World Salvation Army

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY, CANADA.

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FROM CHIMNEY-SWEEP TO COLONEL.

Chapter I.

It was Christmas-tide many years ago. The old, old story of the Christ-Baby was being repeated in church and home, and His very presence seemed to breathe itself upon the earth, hushing for the time being many of life's jangling notes and discords. That glorious angel anthem, "Peace on earth good will to men," was wafted joyously from the bells, on the frosty Christmas breeze, the children's happy laughter caught and seconded the holy sentiment, and children of a larger growth, whose hearts had become hard and chill in this work-day world, felt themselves grow strangely tender in the view of Bethlehem's infant Jesus.

Crowds of people filled the holly decorated churches, and the Christ story was repeated to thousands of attentive listeners. Children said their Christmas recitals and sang their Christmas carols, and the very babies, though barely able to lisp, coced their tiny version of "Desus who was ickle tild like me once!"

Surely there was no one in Christian England, much less in a small corner of it like Rugby, who did not feel the influence of this blessed season.

"Surely not," you echo complacently wrapping yourself in pleasant, or tender, or sorrowful memories of Christmases past and good resolutions for Christmases to come.

Lay aside all these for the present and pass with us to a certain tap-room in a public-house in Rugby, where Elijah Cadman, journeyman sweep, surrounded by a half-a-dozen convivial spirits, is spending this very same "blessed season." Sprigs of Christmas holly decorate the filthy smoke-room, after the same manner as St. —'s Church. Christmas chimes peal on around them and mingle with the clink of beer glasses, oaths, and coarse laughter. But no thoughts of the Christ-child and His great redemption mission ever enters their mind. To them, Christmas is merely a holiday season appointed by the Government to be spent nationally in one grand carouse. There are ways and ways of celebrating Christmas, you see, and this was Elijah Cadman's.

All that day he sat and drank and smoked. Towards evening he waxed quarrelsome, and all but killed a man who had offended him, with a skittle ball. The said man must have been either very drunk, or of an intrepid and daring nature to run counter to the

"General of the Roughs,"

by which well-earned title Elijah Cadman was known all through Rugby.

The next day was spent in much the same manner, only that by evening the "General" was much drunker, and much more quarrelsome, and it was with difficulty his rank and file could prevail upon him to maintain a semblance of propriety on his homward course. Upon his endeavoring to

Fight a Group of Police

they gave up in despair and hauled him along, regardless of appearances, ignominiously tumbling him over the yard wall of his employer, where he fell bang into a collection of rusty pots and pans and other rubbish. When he had collected his ideas which had thus ruthlessly shaken, cursing and swearing he made his way to bed.

It was not pure disinterested kindness, however, which rescued Elijah from the imprisonment which would surely have followed his outbreak on the police. The "rank and file of those Christmas holidays" was to take place on Monday, when he and those companions had planned to walk over to Warwick and see the public

Execution of Two Murderers.

finishing up the day with a "jolly spree." Of course they could have gone without Elijah, but here was the point, Elijah had the money. Hence their tender, solicitous care for their leader.

When Elijah waked next morning after his short sleep he felt very strange. Something like dissatisfaction with his present life crept over him, and he felt, for once, he had enough of drunkenness and revelry. Now, this was a very remarkable state of mind for a young man like Cadman to indulge in. In the first place, he had never known anything better, but rather

A Thousand-Fold Worse

than his present condition and circumstances as a sweep. In the first place it had rarely been instilled into his mind that the scene of free and independent manhood was to be attained by unlimited drinking and smoking. But he did not indulge in his peculiar sensation, and Monday morning's day break found Elijah and his friends tramping along the road to Warwick.

They were first on the ground and took up their position as close to the scene of action as possible. Pretty soon the people began to arrive in hundreds, and by the hour of execution the crowd had assumed dense proportions. Elijah looked back. The crowd swayed to and fro like the waves of the sea, and a strange silence was over the immense concourse. The bell tolled and a shiver ran as an electric current through the living mass, which increased in intensity as the two murderers took their stand by the gallows and solemnly shook hands.

Elijah almost wished he had never come, or at least that he could shut his eyes to the sight which followed, but he couldn't. The signal was given and in a moment

Two Souls had Gone

to stand naked and alone before God. One glimpse Elijah got of one of the dead faces and he turned away filled with horror.

"Elijah, that's what you'll come to," a voice said in his ear. It was a mate in playful jest. But this sermon was one which proved to be a turning point in his friend's life. In the twinkling of an eye Elijah had made up his mind unalterably to taste no liquor that day. Whatever his seven entreated, chaffed, threatened, it was not use. Whatever Cadman's mind was not, he was a man of his word. That day he saved the money to buy a new suit of clothes, the first he had ever possessed which had not come out of a rag-shop.

He went home sober. His master had long endeavored to keep him from the drink, and to accomplish this end he would spend his evenings reading aloud to the warlike portions of the Bible (for Elijah was of a warlike spirit and would listen to nothing tame).

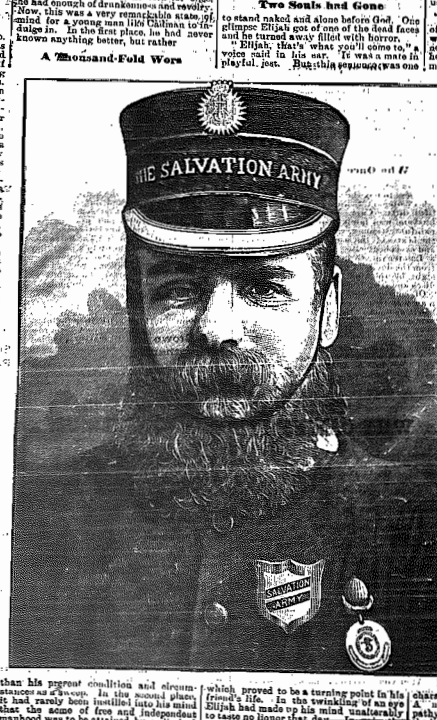
"Have They Made a 'Teetotal'

of you?" enquired the master. "Yes," was all the answer he got. Elijah had never meant to say "Yes" like that, and he was much more surprised than his master when it came out. But as we have before remarked, he was essentially a man of his word, and from that moment he was a teetotaller. This mind that he *could* be teetotal in earnest, and he was. Next night beer was provided for him, and the next, and the next, whereupon he gave the order, "Don't put any more beer in for me till I say 'so' and he has never "said so" yet.

Though he frequented public-houses almost as much as heretofore in the interests of his skittle club, he never drank anything stronger than [illegible] course [illegible] but the [illegible] dedlac [illegible] teetotal.

Effe

He's organi[illegible] skill[illegible] tactic[illegible] the pol[illegible] A very [illegible] part o[illegible] them re[illegible] uproar [illegible] their [illegible] his gai[illegible] yielded [illegible] his life [illegible] terror [illegible] fearing [illegible]



character [illegible] A neighbor [illegible] pathy with the [illegible] the little one to [illegible] to its father. But [illegible] which between Cadman [illegible] Elijah's face, and touch the [illegible] He would never, [illegible] walk, or hear his [illegible] talking. No, when [illegible] would be a great [illegible] even have visited [illegible] father nor son [illegible] man [illegible] to support her fam[illegible] would, she could [illegible]

(CONTINUED.)

The Commissioner At Hamilton.

Staff-Capt. Southall Installed D. O. of the Hamilton Division—A Glorious Time. Many Cheered, no Staff-band—Souls in the Fountain.

On Thursday evening, 4th inst., there was a real happy, jolly, and expectant crowd assembled in the Hamilton I. barracks, the event being the installation of the new D.O. The Commissioner, Chief and Field Secretaries, Major Leighton, with a large staff of officers and the Staff Band, had come from Toronto to assist in the ceremony, and a glorious time was spent, not only by the scores of happy officers but by all whose privilege it was to be present; more especially by those five souls who were found at the penitent form at the close of the meeting. About 7 p.m. the soldiers began to

Muster for the March,

and very soon the Hamilton and Staff bands fell into line, and, headed by the Commissioner and Staff and the new D.O., the long march wended its way through the streets. The two bands kept things lively, and everybody was boiling over when the march got back to the barracks, where quite a crowd were already waiting for the meeting.

The appearance on the platform of the Commissioner and Staff was the signal for

Tremendous Volleys.

Quiet being restored, Commissioner called on Staff-Capt. Sweetman to open with prayer. Song No. 50, "Roused from my slumbers," was then sung, and what with the bands playing and hundreds of voices singing the barracks fairly rang. After prayer from Ensign Wood, Capt. McGillivray and Mrs. Staff-Capt. Southall, Capt. Butler sang "I'm blessedly saved." Col. Young in his go-ahead style led the testimonies, when some red-hot, short, sharp and-to-the-point Blood-and-fire testimonies were given. The Col. with his concertina kept things humming.

Major Leighton, in his inimitable style, sang a song, the chorus of which ran thus:

I'm a real Salvation Soldier, and as happy as can be,
For I have been to Jesus, and He has set me free.
The devil he wants me back, but I won't go any more,
Hallelujah, I'm a soldier in this real Salvation War.

This went with a swing, so much so that Commissioner, Colonel, and Majors Holland and Leighton had to have a

March up and down the Platform.

After a few words of testimony and exhortation from Capts. Butler and McMillan, the Commissioner rose, and thanked God that the Salvation Army was a *live concern*. This was what the world wanted—someone to go through it and bring people to the feet of Jesus, and whose every pulse-beat meant "Lord, save sinners."

FUTURE OF THE S.A.—There have been a great many prophecies that the S.A. was sinking fast, but thank God

We are growing Fast.

And we are looking forward to the coming winter to be the most marvellous on record. We are looking forward not only to having thousands of souls saved, but also to having thousands of soldiers added to our rolls. He then went on to explain the workings of the many branches of our work, viz.: the Rescue, Prison-Gate, Shelter, Children's Home, etc. [illegible] ... 12 months [illegible] ... Rescue [illegible] ... Dominion [illegible] ... Major [illegible] ... necessary [illegible] ... time [illegible]

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Southall

[illegible] ... where he left off [illegible] ... sure that [illegible] ... their labours. Mrs. Southall (who was formerly stationed in Hamilton [illegible]) ... [illegible] words of testimony were full of meaning, and proved [illegible] ... God [illegible] ... Commissioner and Staff had to [illegible] ... Toronto [illegible] ...

[illegible] with God

for souls, five were found kneeling at the penitent-form, all of whom testified that God had saved them. May he keep them true.

Capt. Miller and his Lieut. who have just taken charge are getting into the ways of the people, and very soon we may expect to hear of a lot of souls being saved in this corps. The kind friends also came well to the front in furnishing billets for the crowd. May God abundantly reward them. D.O. and Mrs. Southall are already beloved with the people, and both feel sure that with God's help a mighty work shall be done. Amen. J. E.

HIS WELCOME HOME

From Bonnie Scotland.

On Parade and Inspection—A Saved Boxer—Love at First Sight—Upset by the Devil.

Of course D. O. Sharp was very anxious to see his officers as soon as he got home, so he sounded the trumpet and rallied us all to parade and inspection at Woodstock. We got a good drilling and enjoyed it much. Music made the marching grand, and we felt jolly happy marching up and down the best street in Woodstock, and when we formed up one deep and marched to the open-air stand on the market, we compassed the best part of half an acre. This "far and near" famed Woodstock band, led by Joe Hurst,

One of the Best,

and I don't know but what it is the best in the Dominion, opened the inside meeting with "Oh! I am a soldier, glory to God," and played several other selections during the meeting.

There were testimonies from about all the officers present. The first to testify was a tall and straight Candidate from Otterville,

Who Once was a Boxer.

He has left his type-setting and painting business to box the devil. Then the Danish Lieutenant, Schwaner, sang us a beautiful ditty. Capt. Mrs. Harrison, whose husband was lately drowned, gave a very painful testimony, which cut its way into the hearts of the backsliders and sinners, and everybody else. Capt. Hett welcomed a Lieutenant to help her capture souls from the devil. I guess it was love at first sight, by the kind of a welcome the soldiers and friends gave her.

Of course Capt. Andrews, the Scotchman was there, and full of his laughing spirit as usual. He told us what he heard said about the Scotch Presbyterians being very religious. He said, they not only kept the Sabbath, but every other thing they got their hands on.

A MAN who had got wrong in his soul and upset by the devil, prayed "Oh, God save me; its no wonder You have forsaken me." God saved him all right, and he thanked God for it. Lieut. SHEA.

WHY CAR'NT I?

Did you ever try to sell a *War Cry?*—No, well take my advice and go at it in this way. I do not offer advice to you old stagers who are in the wholesale business and find it comparatively easy to dispose of a score or two. Oh no! this is intended for young soldiers, new beginners.

Well, buy your *War Cry*—the one you buy weekly, cut the pages carefully and put a couple of stitches in the centre to keep it together—a bit of red worsted looks very nice—and read it through; taking care to keep it as clean as possible.

After fortifying yourself with its contents, sally forth with a determination to find a customer for it.

Don't rush up to the first person you meet, look around and select someone who you think will purchase.

In offering it, speak about its contents if necessary, and under no circumstances try to rush away as soon as you have sold it. If you meet with failure in your first effort, try again, you will find it easier when you have once broken the ice.

After you succeed in finding a purchaser do not lose any time in buying another and repeat the operation as often as necessary. [illegible]

WANTED! WANTED!!

A competent Tailor. None but a properly-saved Salvationist need apply. Send on testimonials to

Commissioner Adams,
War Office, Albert St., Toronto.

Pithy Tid-Bits

As possible here as there.

It was in a certain Transvaal town; he spoke English with a "very much" foreign accent; his voice was harsh, loud and discordant, and he took his stand outside the hotel, and began to declare the unsearchable riches of Christ, he soon drew around him a sympathising audience, one of whom endeavoured to persuade him to "go home," another suggested that he "rub his throat with a candle"; while a third, more demonstrative than the others, stepped up to him and addressed him thus:—

"The last Captain that was here was a good fellow, and had a wife who could sing like a prima donna and speak like an angel, and they couldn't do anything. What are you going to do?"

Nothing daunted, our Captain pursued the even tenor of his way, and bye-and-bye, instead of carrying the flag himself, and marching alone single-handed singing, "We're The Army," he was enabled to march out with a good band of soldiers.

* * *

The old lady's dream.

I heard a lady relate a dream of someone at Rochester, New York. (I don't give it as original.) A certain lady had great prejudice against The Salvation Army, without any apparent cause, as she knew nothing of it, except by hearsay.

She dreamt that she had arrived at heaven's gate, and after being admitted she was shown round by a guide. Among many other things, she saw a number of pews, or rooms, partitioned off from each other. These pews were occupied by people. Some of these spaces were nearly full, some nearly empty, but one was quite empty.

She was then informed that these were for the different sects as they existed on earth; so that there was the Episcopal pew, the Methodist, the Baptist, and so on, but the pew that was empty belonged to The Salvation Army.

Just at that moment she heard a shout, and as she turned to find out the cause, the guide informed her that some more of their earthly comrades had just arrived, and that was their shout of welcome, and then went on to explain that The Salvation Army would not be shut up in a pew; they liked liberty on earth, and they had a right to have it in heaven. She awoke, and lo! it was but a dream, but it forever removed the old lady's prejudice.—*New York "Cry."*

* * *

A Crown of Feathers.

The following took place in a holiness meeting:—A sister rose with feathers in her hat, and commenced to speak of "pressing toward the crown." Captain F——cries out, "There won't be any feathers in it, mother." Result—the next meeting the feathered hat was replaced by a hallelujah bonnet.

Wanted! More people to serve Jesus Christ with undivided hearts, and be separate from the very appearance of evil.

* * *

Boozer and Pigs.

Leichardt (N.S.W.) boasts of some mighty ex-boozers. One had, in a drunken spree, found his way into a railway truck filled with pigs, and enjoyed a two hundred miles' journey with them. But that is nothing; a boozer will associate with anybody or anything. Another time he was caught stealing and for the sin of being caught did four days in the lock-up. No less than the Great Physician could cure his fingers of kleptomania.

* * *

A Wifely "Take-in."

Still another, at the same corps, was overcome with an ungovernable thirst, and would have sold up earth and heaven for a drink. It would have been practicable. He found a friend soft enough to believe him, when he said his wife was dead and wanted the money to bury her. He got the cash, and at the first pub started to put it through. His poor wife was at home all the time weeping her eyes out because of his wicked ways. It goes out without saying that The Salvation Army is the kingdom of God to these three men.

* * *

Knows what "Cat" is.

But this man was a saint compared to another, who evidently told the "boss" tale in that drunkard's meeting. He was carried home drunk with great regularity for eleven years of age, and for over twenty years never remembers being sober a week at any time. He understands the taste of "cat," having been operated upon by some professional "Jack Ketch" more than once.

We were much amused the other evening with a few words that fell on our ears ...

Advice from a Fool.

[illegible] vice, yet how slow ... A poor dupe of the devil ... fond of a drop, and often ... story loosened and the ... shaky was encircled by a mob of men and ... during a lull of the music was heard to say, "Take

The Advice of an Old Fool

and don't touch drink." We pitied both the adviser and the advised, for neither of them seemed gifted with sufficient wit or moral courage to give the old devil the go-by.

Again, on coming up the street one evening we found an old man inquiring for the nearest saloon, where he could go and get a shake-down for the night. We spoke to the old man about his soul, but he was very dark, and very near the edge of the grave, being over eighty years of age. Sin had robbed him of all that was pure and noble, robbed him of his earthly property, of a comfortable home, and bade fair to rob his poor soul of the eternal joys of heaven. The poor old man was filled with regret, but his hopes were blasted and his life gone.—*Australian "War Cry."*

* * *

A Dosser's Testimony.

"I git bread and coffee or bread and coker, sometimes a dash o' scraps from a restorant kitchen. A good dossin' sal-vashun, a song from a sared prig, or a seriaund from a toff; a lether cusshun to sleep on and a blacksmith's appond for a blanket, all for four dee, at the Harmy in Clerkenwell, night old John's gateway, an' it's the cheapest, formost north in this village as I knows on; an' if yer could give us a penny towards my doss I'd be obliged ter yer."

This was a testimony a friend heard on the street a few nights ago, but the testimonies inside go further and deeper still; "Saved and kept by the grace of God," is the burden of very many of them.—*Eng. Cry.*

* * *

What a Captain Ought to do!

Live holy and visit, visit, visit. Visit soldiers and sinners; visit every-body in your town—do you do it? That's the question; have you tried to? Go out with a bundle of "War Crys" under your arm, visit every home. God expects you to do it. The Salvation Army expects you to do it. If you could hear the cry of lost souls in hell, anxious that their own friends should escape the wrath of God, they would say to you, "Oh, push! push! push!" Push Salvation any way, anyhow, by any means, only force the people to hear of Salvation!

* * *

Surprise Packet.

Did you hear about the "surprise packet," it was delightful. The Colonel was reading on Monday morning about being surrounded by such a crowd of witnesses. Some witnessed that half-a-dozen Lassie Officers had come out minus their S's. They were treated better than the foolish virgins, for in the afternoon each one received a neat little packet done up in tissue paper, containing the needful. What if some of them did take the packets home unopened and laboring under an illusion, exclaimed to the kind friends standing round, "See here, I've got a piece of wedding cake given me"—when out fell—*a pair of S's.* Tableau.

* * *

Put that in your Pipe.

Bro. Hutchinson, of Rhode Island, writes:—"When I hear a man talk about the fire of God's love burning on the altar of his heart, and then see a fire burning about three inches from the end of his nose, I say that man is mistaken. When God built this tenement of ours, He built but one fireplace, and that's the altar of the heart, where His love may continually burn. But when men start a fire somewhere else, it is a strange fire that God is not pleased with, the end may be death. Read Lev. x. 1, 2."

* * *

It is all Sacred.

There is nothing secular in the life of a Salvationist. Everything is sacred with him; twenty-four hours in each day God's. He meditates on God's law day and night. Running messages or running the War Cry; hammering rivets in boilers, or giving out the drum, giving out rations, or giving out a song are all spokes in the hallelujah chariot, which should go round in perfect harmony. Keep the axles saturated; it wants of heavenly oil that greases friction.

More Rescue Homes needed in the Dominion. We must have them. Our fallen sisters must be saved.

SHELTERED!

A. O. DAVIES.

Around our dwelling,
A storm of wind and rain that wildly swept,
Nature seemed spending
Her rage in gusts of wind, and then she wept.

Into the darkness,
My face pressed 'gainst the pane, I tried to peer;
The wind was sobbing,
Foray of brightness, storm and darkness there.

So gladly turning
To peacefulness and light and warmth of home,
I felt so thankful
That outside in the storm I did not roam.

And then uplooking
To Jesus, Who had brought me in His fold,
When in the darkness,
In my heart tempest, I strayed o'er mountain cold.

I thanked Him truly,
That tho' the storm of sin might rage outside,
Inside was refuge,
I was safely sheltered within His side.

My thoughts went outward
To homeless ones, to those at sea that night;
Driven by the tempest,
They wandered in the darkness—I had light.

With deeper pity
I thought of those who sailed the sea of life;
No guiding Saviour
Said "Peace be still!" to waves of sin and strife.

And many wandered,
Groped in the darkness, in the storm of night,
Far from the Shepherd
Who, the tempest hushing, could lead aright.

And then I prayed Him:—
"Oh, Lord, make me a light to shine for Thee
To save from shipwreck
Some storm-tossed soul that battles out at sea.

As I have found Thee,
Help me to seek the lost ones who roam;
Great, guiding Shepherd,
Help me safely lead them to Thee and home.

BLUE NOSE NOTES,

Borrowed, Begged, and Picked Up.

BY CAPT. TOM LEAVITT.

No, of course we are not going down here in West Nova Scotia.

The D.O., and as I heard some one remark, his P.S., have been doing some meetings in the various corps in the vicinity of Halifax.

At Stellarton grand times were experienced, and Sunday night especially. God came very near and conviction seized hold of some of the unsaved, and we believe they will in time turn from darkness to light.

Our (we in the S.A.) good meetings depend on our nearness to God.

"Montevideo is about to be invaded. It is a doomed city. At least so we judge from having seen, on Thursday, three sisters of the Salvation Army, in full war paint and feathers, promenading the streets, evidently searching for a weak point to commence the attack."

The above is taken from a South American paper, and would tend to show that although a Salvationist had never been seen there, they understood that we meant fight.

Candidate LeCain, of Canning, is the sister mentioned. She was taking a trip on a vessel with her father, and went at the above named place, hence the comment.

I think this should be a nice moral for any one who should be on a rest or travelling. *Wear your full uniform.*

"They told me," said a brother in a meeting recently, "that the Army was only the scum of the earth, and I should not join, but the scum comes to the top, and I'm just like a pot of water boiling meat."

"Ayo," spoke up a dear, grey-haired old veteran, "and that scum is fattening, and it's the privilege of everyone to partake of that scum. Glory be to God!"

"I've stood in the midst of a good shower of brickbats with the blood streaming down my face and neck, but Jesus stood with me and I had perfect peace. Now I'm living in a peaceful county, and the peace around me don't mar the peace that is in my soul. Glory to God!"

"Why is it we don't accomplish more for God than we do?" asked a comrade the other day. "We preach, talk, work and hold meetings every night, and yet there seems to be very little accomplished for God."

"Why is it?" Shall we ask ourselves, shall we examine our hearts and see if we are as much in sympathy with God's Kingdom as we were once? Do we feel that men and women walk past us in the street and in a few hours are dead?

Let us, one and all, search and try our ways and "go forward weeping, bearing precious seed," and love and weep over poor fallen humanity till they are brought to God.

Some say that there is no need of weeping, groaning, and praying over souls, that God understands that we want them saved and will save in His own good time.

Whom did God understand better than Jesus? Did He not weep over Jerusalem? How about the days and nights spent alone with God? Ah, but His mission was to bring Salvation to the world.

What is your mission?

Things Heard at West Toronto Junction.

One Brother said he had been like a sponge drinking in all the water and letting out none; but this morning the Lord had squeezed him, and he had to let some of the water out. This man got sanctified at the Camp meeting on Well's Hill.

Another said—"some young men when courting are so nice to their betrothed; but when they get married they kick her about." Now Christ is not a bit like that. He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever." After singing "my pride is washed away," a dear young man stood up and said—"friends I never had any pride to get washed away, as for ten years of my life I was a poor miserable besotted drunkard, a curse to myself and all belonging to me, but God in His mercy through the instrumentality of the S. A. saved me, and took the desire for drink away, and now for ten years I have been serving God and doing what is right in His sight."

Just as he sat down the saved Tavern-keeper arose and said, "I was far worse than that for six years, I made men like him by dealing out that cursed stuff which damns both body and soul; and if God could save me who can't He save?

Capt. Cowan in telling her prison experience told of an old Irish woman who asked her—"shure an' what are you in for?" the Capt. told her she belonged to a class of people who believed in beating drums and playing musical instruments through the streets to attract people to their buildings to tell them of Jesus who died to save them from their sins, and the magistrate put her in for so doing.

The old woman said they put me in for getting drunk, breaking up the furniture and pounding my old man's head; but if they put you in for doing right, and me in for doing what was wrong, what is a poor lady to do," we thought that was very good logic.

We had some blessed times during the anniversary meetings, but I presume the D. O. will give the *War Cry* a full account. W. J. S.

Read these three Paragraphs

And Profit Thereby.

If a man who has been a drunkard is overtaken with temptation, and a fortnight or a month after he has been to the penitent-form is carried away by it, what is to be done with him? Avoid him, and say, "I told you so; I have seen him at the penitent-form and signing the pledge ever so many times?" No, no; go after him, and restore him! Whatever kind of a sinner he may be, never give him up!

* * *

It is the popular idea that Judas was the great and worst figure in the terrible tragedy of crucifying Jesus Christ but he was not as bad as the priests who made him their paw! Many to-day would not cry, "Crucify him!" nor be seen so openly side with His opposers, but they are counted by the hosts of heaven every bit as much enemies as the poor lost women in the streets, the criminals, and the murderers!

* * *

It is not numbers so much as God in the numbers that becomes such a power in the church or in the Army. Turn all our preachers and parsons into Pauls and Peters and the world would quickly be turned upside down. The early Apostles were but "unlearned and ignorant men;" but they shook the halls of science and learning to their very foundations. It's the Holy Ghost that shakes cities and people.

DESERONTO TO HEAVEN.

He got Cold in Soul—On his Death-bed—His last words—A Volunteer for Salvation.

After a short illness our dear brother John Woodsworth, passed away in peace on the 27th of Aug., to be forever with the Lord.

He was converted about two years ago in Athens, where he became a soldier of the Army, and a true soldier of the Cross. He came from there to Deseronto where he continued to live a consistent Christian life, ever ready to speak for Jesus and to encourage his comrades to press on in the war. He was a cheerful giver.

For the last nine months he had from some cause withdrawn from the Army. He left Deseronto about that time, and went to work in the shanty where he still served the Lord without fear; but in the spring while working on the railroad, he

Got Wrong In His Soul.

He was married about seven weeks.

While on his death-bed he repented of his unfaithfulness and turned to the Lord with his whole heart; and there remains no doubt that he was accepted, and that all condemnation was washed away.

His tongue could not be still praising God for His mercy towards him. He said one day shortly before his death, *"Well this seems a pretty hard affliction, but I wonder that the Lord does not afflict me more for the wrong way I have lived during the last few weeks;"* after which he sang "In the sweet bye-and-bye." Capt. Cardiff being present and joining in the song; after singing he was so filled with the glory of God, that he gave a shout, then closing his eyes he said, *"everything is sweet Jesus, sweet in Heaven, sweet down here, sweet everywhere!"*

His brother arrived in time to receive his last words, and inquired how it was with his soul to which he replied, "it is well." His brother answered "thank God! those are good words to tell mother."

Reader, shall there be any good words of yours to tell your mother? to tell the dearest friends you have on earth when you have passed away.

Our dear departed brother was a strong young man, and he prayed

That his sudden Death

might warn many like himself to prepare to meet their God, that they like him, may feel when they are called hence, that to depart and be with Christ is far better.

His remains were taken to Madoc for burial. Our officers held a short service previous to his removal.

The memorial service here on Sunday evening was largely attended, and was a time of blessing to many, and on the following evening ONE dear man volunteered right out to be a follower of Jesus, may the Lord keep him true, and lead many more unto Himself.

A Soldier for Capt. CARDIFF.

Bandmaster Frank Newson

Gone to Glory.

"It matters little what time of day the righteous falls asleep.
Death cannot come to him untimely who is fit to die."

It was Saturday evening, just at sunset, when Jesus said to our beloved comrade, "It is enough, come up higher," and right in through the Pearly Gates swept our Frank and took *his place* among the blood washed throng. His character was a lovely one. God had done a blessed work in his soul, and that he was fully saved and sanctified was clear to all with whom he came in contact.

Just as long as falling health permitted

He Was at His Post

in the open air and the barracks, and his bright testimony on the market square will never be forgotten while memory lasts. Even now I fancy I see him, stepping out into the ring, and with head erect looking over the crowd of people, (for he was very tall) saying in a loud clear voice, "I thank God I am saved" and exhorting others without delay to come to the same Saviour and obtain Salvation.

It was not long after the S.A. came to Charlottetown that John, our dear comrade, became deeply convicted of his sins and of his need of Salvation, and coming home from a meeting one night asked his mother if he could not get converted without coming out to the penitent form. Like a wise mother *(would to God there were many such)* she told him she believed that as God had convicted him in the Army meeting, He wanted him to take up his cross there and go out to the penitent-form, and urged him to do so without delay. He went, and blessed be God he got converted and

Continued Faithful Unto Death

and has now received a crown of life that fadeth not away.

He was a candidate for the work and had health been granted to him would have entered the field ere now. During his illness I had the privilege of visiting him, with the officers and comrades, and while breathing was extremely difficult and his wear ness very great, he was always bright and cheerful and hopeful that God would restore health and strength to him, that he might work in His vineyard, but willing either to live or die. "It is all right," he said. We marvelled at his patience. He was marvellous and continued to the last, and then like a tired child leaning on his Saviour's breast, he "fell asleep in Jesus." Circumstances did not permit of our having an Army funeral, but a number of soldiers gathered in the cemetery and stood around our beloved comrades grave where a short Army service was held, led by Lieut. McDonald, Capt. Jower being too ill to attend. Three of his comrades—the most intimately acquainted with him, spoke in the most affectionate terms of their comrade's

Holy Life And Blessed Death,

and we are sure that as the words went home to the hearts of those assembled round the grave, good was done which will be lasting as eternity.

Readers will you take our comrade's place and work for God.

Are you ready to die? If not, get ready. *Now, now*, prepare to meet thy God.

M.F.E.

LONDON DIVISION CHIPS

CHIPPED BY THE MAJOR.

Well now, write for the Cry! I almost forgot how to do it; but I must pull up and do better (Good! Good! Good!) Ed. And not allow my own burdens and business to keep me from lending a helping hand to those who have a larger responsibility than I.

* * *

Since coming home from England, it has been quick march, many meetings led, and praise God, many have met with His approval.

* * *

Mrs. Philpott and the boys made things hum while I was away. Sinners were converted; Christians sanctified, and some debt lifted. Now help me to say Hallelujah!

* * *

Bayfield camp meetings were my first lead on my return. It was a bit cold, but the warmth of the Holy Ghost fire was felt by the many. A most glorious work was done among the officers and soldiers. Some 35 sought for sanctification and pardon; 9 offered themselves for the work.

* * *

The following week we had a corps at Seaforth. Staff Capt. McIntyre assisted here and was a mighty blessing to us all.

* * *

Some 28 felt how far they were from being out and out for God and gave themselves fully to Him in these meetings, and you may expect to see the old true fire and go at Seaforth.

* * *

Of course the big man, noted now as the little ones' friend was there and conducted several children's meetings under canvas.

* * *

On Saturday at one o'clock Mac, with a candidate took the drum with a big advertisement on the front and marched through the town calling the boys and girls up for a meeting.

Some cowardly wretch threw a bad tomato and hit the tall man on the back of his head, but they got what they wanted; a goodly crowd of children and kept them for one hour and a half listening to the story of Jesus and His love.

* * *

Things are looking well spiritually and there is every prospect of a mighty revival this coming winter.

"He'll Not Wait."

A Salvationist chanced to meet one of his former dissolute companions, who seemed overjoyed to see him, and asked him to go with him to a neighbouring bar-room. But the young man refused, saying, "I have a Friend with me."

"I don't see any one with you."

"You can't see Him, but He is here."

"Bring him in with you."

"No, He never goes into bar-rooms."

"Then let him wait outside."

"No, no!" was the final answer. "My friend is Jesus Christ, and if I go in without Him, you'll not wait."—*American War Cry.*

EVOLUTION (NOT ACCORDING TO DARWIN.)

ook, and what was that for light and s, and food and clothes for herself and children? So she entered the shelter he "Home."

lijah's first memories are connected this home. He was a bright, manly e chap, and the master of the work-se made a great pet of him, and when three years old had him arrayed in culine attire. There was one vain y in that workhouse the day Elijah ned his first pair of trousers! So ex-ingly tiny were these garments that several years after they were outgrown were kept on exhibition as the small-of their kind!

hen, some time later, Mr. Cadman left workhouse, Elijah's grandmother made self responsible for his schooling. Two-e per week was the fee, but very little ruction did the child get for the money. was certainly not fond of learning, and h preferred to play, and after repeated shings, which had no effect upon him, eacher hit on the novel plan of thrusting down the cellar as soon as he appeared he morning. This cellar was under schoolroom and quite dark, save for a glimmer of light which shone down chimney.

for a few mornings' incarceration Eli-decided to escape. But how? There no egress but by the chimney, and up he worked his way, and actually ved triumphant on the roof, black from l to foot. He managed to slide down mother earth some way or other, and l-bye for ever to school.

idea began to work in his five-year-brain. He would from henceforth earn own living.

was easy to get up a chimney, and he ld see if some sweep didn't want a boy. He followed one in the street asked him if he would take him. Oh, the man wanted a little boy and ld take Elijah.

s. Cadman was consulted and gave consent, so a few days later the child spotless white pinafore and neatly aged hair, trotted off with his new er.

or baby! Little he or his mother ned of the hardships which awaited That night Elijah had hot cakes reacle for supper, and fondly imagined d done well for himself. Next day eceived his first lesson in chimney ping. A boy followed him to teach now to climb the narrow flue. The boy would take the young novice on houlder, push him up the chimney, hen leave him there to see if he could

At first the poor little mite would slip down until he reached the shoul-f his trainer, who would carry him ain and again, until the learner was t how to hold his knees and to climb up to the top. This was Elijah's first work. Next day he was taken up to op and left to come down himself. h he did at lightning speed, skinning nees and arms horribly in the transit. se wounds were washed in salt and "to harden them," and Elijah was lered ready to support his master.

very thin calico suit, consisting of and trousers and cap was all the ng allowed to a little "climbing boy" y were then called.

y were up at all hours in the morn-eeping chimneys before the morning re lit, and sometimes after, at the f their lives, for some sweeps made alty of putting householders to "no venience whatever." Many poor en have been burnt to death in the

Elijah's poor little body was a of sores and burns, and he would long behind his master, doggie n, holding out the knees of his rs lest they should come in contact he raw flesh beneath. His master, that the child was dropping too far l, would catch him by the heels and him over his shoulder. If the mas-s in a pretty good temper, Elijah "right" himself, but if he was not, s just obliged to hang upside down till they arrived at their destination vas dropped.

le Elijah went up the chimney, scra-hand, and did the work, his master he room below, and smoked or con-pleasantly with the servants. That y done, the boy was sent on ahead e the sleeping occupants of the next

Standing barefooted, on a cold, morning, somewhere between three and four o'clock, is not an enviable posi-tion, and then perhaps it will take fifteen or twenty minutes to get an answer, and by that time the little boy will be pretty nearly frozen! The day-time is generally spent in going round the streets calling "Sweep!" and soliciting orders for the next morning.

Elijah's master was a cruel, wicked man, and the child learnt nothing but what was bad from him. When six years old, Elijah could smoke like a man, and had been drunk several times! All his spare time he would spend in gambling for pennies with the other little sweep boys. Though they were paid no wages, they generally contrived to have a few pence on hand, and always endeavored to beg a penny in the different houses they visited. If they received a penny they could keep it for themselves, but anything above this amount had to be handed over to the master.

It was a miserable life the poor child lived. Kicks and blows all day, and a dry crust before he threw himself on his heap of straw at night. Many and many a time he wished he was dead, and sometimes even went so far as to endeavor to put an end to life. There was no escape for a sweep boy, no one would protect them, or have anything to do with them. The very hospitals refused to take them in when ill!

When the Government forbade the use of climbing boys, and provided machines instead, Elijah was out of work for a time, and together with several other boys was sent to the workhouse. Here he suffered so much in their endeavors to cleanse him that he speedily made his escape, and went to live with his grandfather.

About this time Mrs. Cadman died. She had been ill for a long time, worn out with the struggle for existence. During her last days she was visited by a lady who talked to her of God and prayed with her. It was kneeling by his mother's dying bed Elijah heard for the first time about hea-ven and saw someone pray.

When his grandfather died, too, an uncle took him back to the workhouse, but Eli-jah determined secretly to have no more of its discipline, and while his relative com-muned with the officials, his charge just opened the door and ran!

He resumed his old trade, with his old master, whom he had somewhat subdued by turning on him on several occasions and giving him a trifle more than he gave, and continued working with him till seventeen years old, and then, in order to better himself, became journeyman to a sweep in Rugby. This man was a superior class of sweep, and with him Elijah had board and wages, and soon began to feel he was really getting up in the world.

Chapter III.

Fifth of Novembers were hailed with delight by Cadman and his followers, and at such festal occasions the police always expected a riot, nor were they ever dis-appointed. For several years back the Market-place had been the bone of conten-tion. There and there alone would Elijah and company have their bonfire, and there was the one place the public guardians refused to have a conflagration.

One fifth, a large field, quite out of the town, was loaned them for their purpose but this act was regarded as merely add-ing insult to injury.

The police force (a very small one com-pared with the numbers against them) were set to guard the Market-place. The lads knew they were all occupied, so they took themselves off, and each loaded him-self with anything that would make a blaze. When all was ready, Elijah got an old tar barrel, set fire to it, and rushed with it all ablaze to the Market-place, flung it into the midst of the astonished police, who speedily gave way to the intruder! Then the wood was piled on (wood which was principally the posts and railings of inoffensive citizens) and a frightful yelling and dancing round the fire ensued.

In the general commotion it was impos-sible for the police to distinguish one from another, especially as they had an awk-ward way of changing clothes. Each year they devised some new means of outwit-ting the police, till it seemed as though they *must* shortly come to an end of their resources!

It was six weeks before the fifth, and both parties had big plans brewing. The Superintendent of Police was expecting extra men to assist in the protection of the town, and had made up his mind to catch the ringleader. The lads had made up *their* minds not to be caught, and also to have their bonfire. Thus matters stood one Sunday about this time, when Cadman and his particular chum George Russell, boxing-gloves in hand, started out for their usual Sabbath pastime. They went round by the Market-place to indulge in a little joyful anticipation, perhaps, when their attention was arrested by a man standing upon a chair.

Elijah gave a scornful look at this singu-lar object, and said to George,

"He's an old Ranter; let's upset him."

"All right," answered George, ready for anything.

"When I give the signal," continued Elijah, "over he goes, chair and all."

They got close to the chair, and George waited for the signal. It didn't come. He looked at his friend and saw that he was crying like a baby! The preacher was talking about death on a pale horse, and though Elijah did not understand all he was talking about, he felt for the first time that he was a sinner, and in danger of hell. In memory he was again standing by his mother's deathbed, and she was asking him to meet her in heaven.

Then he hadn't the least idea what hea-ven meant, but it must have something to do with what the preacher was talking about. He saw her lying stiff and cold, and dead in her coffin; watched them close her up, and then he followed her to the grave, and came away knowing he had no friend in the wide world. He knew she was dead, like the little fishes he used to envy in their quiet rest, when he was an ill-treated little sweep-boy. He understood the little fishes could feel neither cold, nor pain, nor hunger again, and they said just the same about his mother, but here was this Ranter telling the crowd that every-body would live again! In his soul Elijah felt he told the truth, and that only hell could receive him if he died there and then.

After he had finished, the preacher got down and shook hands with Cadman and his friend. This was a strange proceeding to them as they never shook hands with anyone unless preparatory to a fight.

Another curious feature about this Ran-ter was that he addressed them as "broth-ers." However, he was very kind, and talked a lot about giving one's heart to God, which, however, his hearers did not in the least understand.

There was no boxing match that day. Elijah went home, told all his troubles, but got no comfort.

George Russell was soon under convic-tion of sin too, and the friends would creep into the Methodist chapel, hide in a corner of one of the large pews, and then get out quickly after the service was over. Every-body thought they were going mad, so miserable was their condition.

"Kill my body, but save my soul!" was the prayer Elijah was constantly putting up.

Kneeling down in the street or in the middle of his work, no matter when or where, he would raise the one cry to hea-ven!

All their usual amusements were given up. Sundays they would spend in the fields, and George would read aloud. One Saturday night a girl who was a member of the Methodist Church frequented by the miserable couple, met them and invited them to the class on Monday night. They went.

"Well, brother, how are you getting on now?" the class leader asked Cadman.

"Lost," was his answer. "Hell-fire is always at our feet, and we feel we are go-ing there!"

"You're not going to hell. Jesus Christ died that you might live"

"Did He?" both seekers exclaimed.

"Why, yes," replied the leader.

Now it never occured to that worthy man that neither of these lads had the faintest idea who Jesus Christ was, but such was the case. God's name they were familiar with in an oath, and that, togeth-er with knowledge picked up from the Ranter was the sum and substance of their religious training.

However, they felt slightly comforted. Someone cared for them and thought about them, though they could hardly believe any man would die for them! Elijah im-mediately altered his prayer to "Christ died that I might live."

On Wednesday they were on hand again for the week-night service. The preacher talked about "lifting the puny arm against God."

"He means no," whispered Cadman to his friend.

George don't see exactly how.

"This boxing business is wrong. We'll give it up," Elijah explained.

On Saturday, they took the key of their boxing-room, which belonged to the land-lord of the public-house which they fre-quented. They unlocked the door and went in. There were the highly colored pictures of fighting characters they had valued so highly, the boxing gloves, and all the other accoutrements peculiar to the art. They looked around. Could it be the same place? How worthless every trump-ery article looked! "The red, red light from the lake of the lost," had changed to "the white, white glare from the Throne." It shone now into every cranny of that little room, and, ah! how black and stain-ed it looked. They couldn't bear the sight a minute longer, and went vigorously to work smashing in all directions. When the ruin was complete, they locked the door, and taking the key down to the landlord Elijah said,

"Here's your key, and here's your rent. I'm going to fight for the Lord, not the devil!"

The landlord had no words at his com-mand—Cadman was surely mad!

He meant all he said to the man; gladly, willingly would he have fought for the Lord—but how? Some change was needed first, that he felt. By Sunday morning he was in greater distress than ever, and as he knelt alone in his tiny garrett room, he went over and over his new prayer, "Christ died that I might live."

But God, Who had seen and known and felt the desperate struggle for life in that dark soul, and Who had watched to see if any calling themselves by His name had been ready to stoop low enough to help that very morning in that little garret room, revealed His face, and taught His ignorant, but none the less blood-bought one, to "know Christ and the power of His resurrection." In a moment Elijah saw it all—the truth in Christ Jesus, the sim-plicity of the atonement, and the efficacy of the blood. Truly he was "taught of God!"

That Sunday morning there was a dis-turbance in the —— Methodist chapel. While in the middle of his able discourse, the Rev. —— was interrupted in an un-seemly manner by a wild yell of "Glory!" which seemed to proceed from the gallery. Being a man of unusual nerve, though for a moment completely thrown off his balance, the Rev. —— proceeded with his subject, only to be again interrupted with a still wilder yell. The congregation shared in their pastor's discomposure, and a deputation from the —— Methodist chapel waited upon Elijah Cadman, and explained to him that the singular state of exaltation he was then in was what was called in technical religious terms, "first love." This "first love" was not meant to continue, but in a few weeks at most it would cool down, and in time he would be a staid and orthodox churchmember like their worthy selves ("The Lord forbid!" Elijah ejaculated mentally). Meantime he must restrain himself and keep quietly in the background, as became a young convert.

Chapter IV.

Cadman's one aim was to grow in grace. He knew very, very little about the first principles of the religious faith held by his fellow Christians. He wanted to pray, but did not know how to address God, and there was nobody to explain that prayer meant simply talking to God, and asking for what you want. Oh no! God must be approached and spoken to in a certain manner, and requests preferred in well-rounded sentences and flowing phrases. But pray Elijah must pray, and to his faithful friend George Russell, who had followed thus far in his friend's footsteps, he confided his new difficulty.

George was equal to the occasion. He procured a prayer book, and the two labored zealously to teach themselves to pray! It was slow work, the prayer book was full of long words, and the prayers hard to understand and remember. Then they tried to learn at least part of the prayers they heard in chapel prayer meet-ings, but with no better success.

One night the friends attended a small cottage prayer meeting. The leader think-ing it would be a good time to give young converts a chance, called on Elijah to pray. For a moment he was taken aback and tried to recall some prayer he had learnt, but to no purpose. So he just started in and stormed the heavenly strongholds in a manner which astonished both himself and his audience. It was a glorious, wonderful thing to pray! Elijah felt his soul was strong within him, and he made up his mind there and then to pray every time he got a chance.

And he did to such an extent, that in the prayer meetings when the leader would say according to custom, "One of the brethren will lead us in prayer," a space was quickly cleared round about Brother Cadman, for he would be sure to respond to the invitation, and when he once got going he hit out in all directions, and was considered to be highly dangerous to be within several yards of him!

Godliness is profitable to all things, and it certainly made a great difference in Cadman's personal appearance. Instead of a sooty, ragged sweep, when "dressed up" he was a highly respectable-looking young man in his new suit of clothes, top hat, and—kid gloves! But these clothes were as truly an "outward sign of an in-ward and spiritual grace" to Cadman as his cap and red jersey are to-day.

"Will you take a class in the Sabbath-school, Mr. Cadman?" this person was asked on Sunday.

"Me! Oh, I can't read! Cadman replied

"Never mind, you'll do, they're very little children," said his interrogator, not for the instant supposing that Cadman meant literally he could not read, but that was only his modest way of explaining his lack of fluency.

A minute later and he was in sole pos-session of a room full of little children, with a large alphabet board in his hand. He talked to them for a little, and the children became interested in their new teacher. Then he held up the board, and pointing to a letter asked in a dignified and magisterial tone,

"What's that?"

Dead silence, followed by a shrill pipe of "Teacher, please, the board's wrong way up."

So it was, and the teacher gravely turned it right side up and repeated his question.

"A," said the first child. Cadman pur-sued his inquiries round the class and as every child corroborated the statement of the first, he concluded they were correct, and made a mental note of the information. He proceeded in the same way with the next letter, and all through the al-phabet, till in time he had mastered the whole.

Teacher and scholars were de-voted to each other, and if the children taught their instruct-or letters and spelling, they learned much heavenly love from him, which brought forth fruit unto eternal life.

But it was Mrs. Cadman who finished the work the children began. She was a sister of George Russell's and her alliance with his friend gave George much pleasure. She must have been a good teacher, or else her husband was an unusually apt scholar, for after six weeks tuition he could read a chapter in the Bible and write a very fair letter.

Mrs. Cadman has ever, from the day they were married, been a true help-meet to her husband, and never has she come in the least degree be-tween him and his work for souls, willing, at all times, rather to suffer so that Christ might be glorified.

This love for souls increased as time went on, and all Cad-man's spare time was given to work for God. The "Hallelu-jah Band," as he and a few like-minded with himself were known, scoured the country for miles, holding revival services, out door and in, and "doing the work of evangelists." Much opposition they encount-ered, but many and glorious were the victories won.

Years rolled by in this way, and Cadman was on a visit to his brother-in-law in London.

"There's a people here who will just suit you, called the 'Christian Mission,'" said George on his arrival.

The next day Cadman was walking down the Whitechapel Road, when he was attracted by a crowd, and more particu-larly by a man who was ad-dressing the people. He talked much about election and pre-destination, and when he had finished, got down and said, "Now, another brother."

True to his old principles, Cadman was on that stool in a twinkling and going in straight for salvation.

"Come down, come down, you're not talking truth," screamed the proprietor of the stool pulling at his coat-tails.

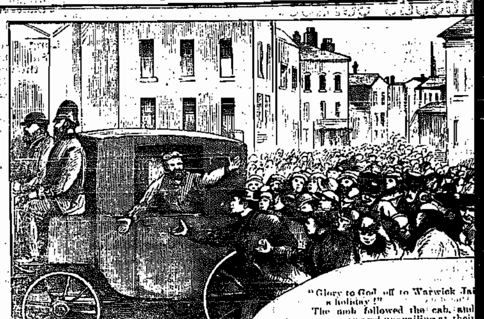
"Let him alone," yelled the crowd, "we'll 'ear what 'e's got ter say!"

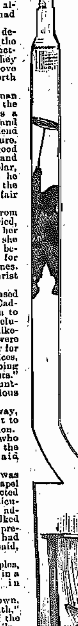
Cadman said all he'd got to say, and went his way musing on life in the great city. Pre-sently he got into a tram, and on passing 272, Whitechapel Road, he spied another crowd. At once it flashed across him, there are the people George was talking about. He quickly dropped off the car and went to see.

"Will you have a word?" asked the leader, who was none other than our old friend, Col. Pearson.

"Would you like to see Mr. Booth?" he was asked when the meeting was over, and the result of that interview landed Mr. Cadman into the ranks of the Christian Mission.

He saw nothing of their methods save the one open-air, but God showed him that these people were the ones he was to work with, and he gladly obeyed the call. His prosper-ous business (for he had started a shop in addition to chimney sweeping and was do-ing well in monetary affairs) was sold up, and he came to London to take charge of Hackney Mission Hall.





Chapter V.

Hackney was a case of, "first catch your hare," for when Cad-man arrived with a cab full of luggage at the Evangelist's house the former occupant was still in possession and declined to move. The cabman piled all the luggage on the side-walk and went off, but Cadman opening the door of the mission hall, put all in there.

What to do next was the thing. Though the man refused to make way for his successor, he did not fail to ex-plain how sorry he was for Cadman, and how he wished he had known he was coming, and he would have written warning him of the kind of people he was coming amongst. He (Cadman) had been deceived, and had better go right back to where he came from!

This was a reception Cadman was wholly unprepared for, but he was in no wise dismayed by it, and seeing at once that the man was a rascal he merely said,

"The Lord won't lead me far wrong. Where does Mr. Booth live?"

Having taken down the address, he started off to find Mr. Booth, glad for the first time that Mrs. Cadman was not com-ing for a week or two.

Other lodgings were procured for him and that night he began his work in Hackney. It was very rough outside and in, the police were against the mission band, and would render no protection. But souls were saved all the same, and when the Cadmans left Hackney for Leicester there was a good band of work-ers to welcome the next evangelist.

It would be as impossible to give any-thing like a detailed account of Colonel Cadman's career in the Salvation Army, as it was to go fully through his life as a sweep or as an evangelist, and we must content ourselves for the present with merely giving a few of his war memories.

Three months at Leicester was followed by the opening of Whitby. Operations in this town were commenced by a cottage prayer meeting, at the close of which two women sought pardon at an upturned fender in lieu of a penitent-form. The bell-man was sent round next day to an-nounce a meeting on the pier, where a large crowd of roughs assembled. Hymn-books were dispensed, and Cadman soon had them singing a lively tune.

"You sing that very well," he said at last. "Now let us march and sing it." So they fell in, some with pipe in mouth and some drunk. Cadman marched them singing through the town, to the utter astonishment of all beholders, who fully agreed on one point, that now "a madman had come to Whitby."

A large hall was taken for Sundays and a small one for weekdays, and the work began in earnest. The first Sunday, seven sought salvation, and the next the people were tumbling over each other in their haste to get to the penitent-form, and Mrs. Cadman and her husband had to sort them out and put them in rows at the form. "It's no good coming here," a man who proposed to start a skating rink was told. "All the people are getting saved at the halle-lujahs!"

"Glory to God! Off to Warwick Jail for a Holiday!"

A deaf-and-dumb doorkeeper did good service at this place. He knew his busi-ness, and did it, in spite of threats and curses. When sworn at he merely smiled, and when threatened or cajoled, it was all the same to him—he laughed on.

While at Whitby, Cadman called him-self "Captain" Cadman, and his force the "Hallelujah Army," instead of "Hallelu-jah Band," a change which took mightily with the roughs of Whitby.

Leeds, then a stronghold of infidelity, was Captain Cadman's next station, and there a good fight was fought and won.

In course of time the infidel headquar-ters became the headquarters of The Sal-vation Army in Leeds, and there many glorious battles were planned by Captain Cadman, when Major of the Division. But we anticipate!

Coventry, his native place, was Captain Cadman's next orders. The whole town was on the *qui vive* to see the "converted sweep," whom they knew so much about. A good work had been done by Mrs. Rey-nolds before Captain Cadman's advent, and everything was ripe for victory. A cornet played by the new officers attracted much attention and the hall was crowded nightly, and many of the vilest found pardon.

The open-air meetings were attended by thousands, and the brewers started some kind of an opposition band. Then the po-lice interfered and prohibited singing in the streets. But Capt. Cadman went right on, and finally he was summoned, and sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment. He left the court, and was taken down-stairs together with two other prisoners, to wait till it was time to start for War-wick Jail.

By this time a howling mob had as-sembled round the court house, and it puzzled the police how to get their prisoner to the railway station.

"See now," said the Captain to the Inspector, "You have all those thousands to deal with, if there's a riot you can't blame me!"

"I'm very sorry it's come to this with you, Mr. Cadman," said the Inspector.

"Oh, you needn't be," was his cheer-ful answer. "It'll be just a little rest for me, and when I come out, won't we have a big do!"

The Inspector quite believed that, and beckoned him out into the yard, a cab stood waiting, into which he was bundled without much ceremony. The crowd got wind of his departure, and as the cab turned out of the yard they began to run for it. Suddenly Capt. Cadman let down the window, and before the police knew what he was up to, he was hanging out of the window, waving his cap, and yelling, "Glory to God, off to Warwick Jail for a holiday!"

The mob followed the cab, and policemen tugged unavailing at their [...]tive's coat tails. A saved burglar [...] alongside the cab shouting,

"Keep yer pecker up, Captain, [...] soon do that bit!" by the way of en[couragement], and friends' hands were stre[tched] out on all sides to bid good bye.

It was with the greatest difficul[ty he] was got into the waiting-room, a[nd] had not been there long before tw[o in]spectors walked in and said,

"Mr. Cadman, you are liberated!"

"Glory to God!" responded Mr. [Cad]man, and [...] out to the mob, "F[...] march," was the order given, and [a tri]umphal procession of several thous[ands] swept through Coventry, and fi[nally] brought up in the barracks where a [pro]clamation of war was issued, and [plans] made for a future campaign.

The following Sunday the Captai[n ap]pointed twelve scouts, and sent them [two] by two through the principal stre[ets to] talk salvation for a mile, and a hal[f ...] relieving the other. The main body [held] a meeting in the little court and pick[ed up] the scouts on their way back to the [bar]racks. It was a blessed soul-saving day, but early Monday morning a [con]stable was at the officers' quarters.

"Good morning, Mr. Cadman, I've [come] to see you again."

"Good morning," said the Ca[ptain]. "I've been expecting you."

"Well," groaned the constable, "t[hings] are worse than ever: people say thi[s new] religion (meaning the scouts) is [worse] than the old."

"And I'm prepared," said the Ca[ptain], "to put men in every street in Cove[ntry]. *You* haven't got men enough to look [after] them. Tell the Chief Constable, I'[m go]ing to do as the Lord did. Last S[unday] I sent out twelve, next I send se[venty] also!"

The constable groaned again and [went] off. A week or so later the Chief [Con]stable sent for Capt. Cadman and [apolo]gised for the treatment he had [been] subjected to, and The Army was al[lowed] to march and speak outdoors unmo[lested].

A cold, bitterly cold, winter was t[hat] Capt. and Mrs. Cadman spent in New[castle] and the poverty they met with while [there] ing was awful. They collected som[e] pounds for the poor, and spent mo[st of it] in buying tickets for admittance to [Lock]hart's cocoa rooms.

One morning, early, Captain C[adman] and a friend walked round by the qua[ys to] see if there were any specially-needy. Two men lay shivering together. [...] beckoned to one.

"Could you do a pint of coffee?"

"Oh, thankee, sir!"

"Well, tell your mate."

In a moment they were back, a[nd fol]lowing their benefactors. By the [time] Captain Cadman and his friend r[eached] Lockhart's they had some forty poo[r rag]ged, shivering men following in thei[r wake].

"Go right upstairs to the coffee-[room]" and up they tramped. The asto[nished] proprietor hearing the unusual com[motion] opened the door and looked out. [What a] sight met his astonished vision! [Land]ing, stairs, hall, all crowded with th[e poor]est, and, to his terrified gaze, the [most] desperate crew in all Newcastle, he believed they were storming his [restau]rant. He was wonderfully relieved [when] he saw the Army Captain, and haste[ned to] fulfil his orders. While the coffe[e was] brewing a short meeting was held [with] the men, and again another after th[ey had] finished.

It would be impossible to tell of th[e won]derful meetings held in hall and str[eet and] work-rooms in Newcastle, or give [any]thing like an adequate idea of th[e work] accomplished. Space forbids, and [we can] only say hundreds found their S[aviour] and are testifying of Him to-day.

After several months at Newcastl[e] Cadman was promoted to the rank

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.]

Rescue Scraps.

She was lying very ill in the hospital, in the fever ward, tossed about on her couch, in pain and feverish delirium. Suddenly her rambling utterances cease, and she breaks into song; what are the words that thrill everyone in the room?

"In evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear.
Till a *new* object met my sight,
And stopped my wild career."

The doctor and nurse looked at each other in surprise, "Where did she learn that? What religious sect does she belong to?" asked the doctor.

On reading the card, on which her name and creed were written, the nurse read three little words, "Salvation Army Home."

"That accounts for it," said the doctor. The following day when she had recovered consciousness the nurse told her what she had been singing. A—— answered, "I learned it in the Army Home," "That verse is all I know of it." She returned to the Home when she was better—and knows *all* the song *now*.

• • •

One of our dear saved drunkards went so far down the broad road as

To Sell Her Teeth For Drink.

Now she is a happy Salvation soldier.

• • •

While visiting a certain city, a beautiful little incident took place. I had been speaking on our work of Rescue and its needs. While standing at the door, speaking to the crowd as they were leaving the meeting, a young boy came up to me, and placing a small sum of money into my hand, said earnestly—"I wish I had a pocket full of money to give you for your work." May God bless him, and as he grows older give him abundance for His *own* work.

• • •

In a meeting recently, Mother Tassie in speaking, said that all her girls in the Rescue Home were *honest*. That she had not lost an article. A thrill of pleasure and gratification passed over the congregation. It was indeed a grand testimonial for the dear girls, and a recommendation to those wishing to employ them, when their time comes to leave the Home.

• • •

The following extract is from a woman who was the cause of this girl's ruin. She has written several letters previously. Although living a life of sin she is pleased to know that her old "pal" in degradation is doing right:—

DEAR E.——, —"I was glad indeed to hear from you and to hear you are doing God's will. For all I am not doing right nightly, there is nothing pleases me better than to know you are doing right. . . . Hoping you are still saved and trusting in your Master. Best love to you and your *saved* lady friends."

• • •

At present the Rescue War is booming, and we are looking for mighty results to follow the openings of the several new Homes.

Don't forget to pray, dear friends, for this work. I am as ever,

Yours, in the Rescue conflict,

BLANCHE READ, R.H.S.

What's the Matter with Courtice?

On Saturday evening Aug. 23rd. a team of horses drawing a very shaky and weather-beaten rig, might have been seen going in the direction of Courtice corners, but in spite of the seedy appearance of the rig, the occupants seemed to be quite happy, for were they not singing real heartily and with lots of vim and go, that song the chorus of which is "Hallelujah, Hallelujah, I love thee my Saviour, Hallelujah, Hallelujah. I trust Lord in thee." Watching this war chariot we see it drive up to and halt in front of the officers' quarters, then from it alight five happy Blood and Fire Salvationists, who had driven all the way from Fenelon Falls, and were none other than Capt. J. Brokenshire his two sisters, Susie and Sarah, sister Wright and brother Windram, all come to assist in the special meetings about to be held and with the Banquet on Monday.

Saturday night a very nice company assembled for the meeting which was for the most part conducted by Capt. Brokenshire, assisted by Capt. Cunningham. The meeting was a very proper send off for the three days special go.

Sunday forenoon a very good Holiness meeting was held in which

God was much Honoured

all were blessed and helped, and I believe both Capt's. Brokenshire and Cunningham were much cheered to see the Spirit of devotion and Godliness made manifest by the dear comrades at Courtice, as it's one of their old corps.

The afternoon meeting was a real sweet, blessed time. God was indeed very nigh, and the Spirit seemed to brood over the place.

The testimonies were beautiful from the saved drunkard, the saved gambler, the saved swearer, and all other classes, then Capt. Brokenshire got things to a proper pitch with his gospel train song which took immense.

A song, "Oh won't you come back to the fold, from sister Brokenshire, brought to the minds of all how lovingly and anxiously the Father waits to welcome the wanderer home, we closed a grand meeting, sad to say, without any visible results.

A big crowd of people gathered for our evening meeting, in they come, soon every seat in the Hall is filled, still they come, till a crowd stand in the porch and around the door; come on boys, come right on to the platform here," shouted Capt. Cunningham, and up they come, pushing their way through the already crowded aisle, for benches have had to be put along, to try and accomodate the people,

Those Dear Unsaved Lads

march right on the platform, and sit there all through the meeting. God bless and save every one of them. Again the songs and testimonies rung out for God, again His power and presence were felt, and each comrade went away thanking God for the glorious Sabbath of blessing we spent together.

On Monday some of the soldiers including, brother May, Fair, Dick Flintive and others, and of course brisk little Capt. Stockton was all there, were kept pretty busy preparing for the Banquet in the evening. Then we must not for a moment forget the kindness of the sisters who helped so nobly with the baking, cooking etc., and worked hard for days previous to this, God bless our brave band of Army women.

The tables were very neatly arranged and waited on by our kind friends, and again I must really drop a word of thanks to the lady friends who so nobly assisted.

There was a large crowd assembled, to partake of the good things provided, everything passed off beautiful and all seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

After tea we gathered in the lovely little barracks for the jubilee, just as we are about to start our meeting, we hear the beat of the drum outside, and the next moment

A Volume of Music

peals forth from the Bowmanville Brass Band that has just arrived, God bless the Band-boys.

We again had an awful job to try and stow away the people, but every corner was filled and still they come; many having to stand all through the meeting, the testimony part of which was led in a lively style by Capt. Temple of Bowmanville who kept things on the go properly.

Then came the begging, that is the asking for donations from the people to help pay for the new seats and new platform this corps have just put in their barracks.

I'm sure they deserve much credit for the grand improvements they have made on their barracks; why those seats are perfect scientific

Pieces of Mechanism

and is it any wonder the friends would help to pay for them.

They helped on this occasion including the proceeds of the banquet donations in cash and promises, to the amount of about $75, good for Courtice, and I feel confident there is a lot more help coming in the near future. Glory to God.

After the begging was over we had some testimonies and songs from the visiting officers, Lieut. Slote of Oshawa was very pleased to know he belonged to God and the Army.

Lieut. Smith of Tyrone told us what great things the Lord did for her, Lieut. McKay of Whitby was very, very happy in Jesus her Saviour.

Capt. Cockerill of Brooklin testified to having a full salvation. Glory to Jesus, a solo from Capt. Barker of Whitby went well, then a few words in which she praised God for His keeping power.

Capt. Miller of Oshawa read us a few words from God's word, and in a few pointed remarks thrilled every soul. God bless thee Gid.

A few words and a beautiful salvation song from Capt. Mrs. Temple did much good, Capt. Temple then gave his testimony and praised God for the glorious victories He had given him, since he first took his stand for Him as an S. A. officer in the same building, we are in to-night, for Courtice was his first station, with feeling of deep gratitude to God for His many blessings. We wound up the meeting, and all went away feeling that indeed He is with us and for us.

Glory to His name, may He bless you my Courtice friends and comrades, go on, live with Jesus here, then bye-and-bye you shall walk with Him in white over yonder on the Hallelujah strand.

Yours to fight and win. SHAMROOK.

Palmerston Perambulations.

Long Drives—Army Camps—Famous Mineral Water—All the way From India—Single Handed Fighting—Making Marks.

ADJUTANT LEONARD.

"On the war path again! After a long drive to Wiarton we found Capt. Markle quite *sick*, but well in his soul, determined on victory." Our meeting was a blessed one to our souls. Lots of pleasure seekers here, but they don't want to seek Salvation.

• • •

Over hills and valleys, with lots of rocks on every side, and we arrive at Southhampton and received a right royal welcome from the officers. Our meeting and open air was good, with a good crowd around us.

• • •

This place is famed for its mineral water. Some say there is none like it in all the world, but we know of a Living Fountain that never runs dry. It flows for the cleansing of the nation. Glory to God.

• • •

Reader; have you been to this life giving Fountain? If not, come plunge in and you shall be made whole.

• • •

Southampton is on the up grade! Glory. Comrades live low at the Master's feet and you will win.

• • •

I tell you things are boiling at Port Elgin. Capt. Sloto and Lieut. Curlew are making it lively for the devil. Of course he says they are a little off and cranks of the worst kind.

• • •

We had a nice meeting here and were pleased to meet with Capt. and Mrs. Mitchell just returned from India's shores. God bless Peter and his little wife.

• • •

Another drive of fifteen miles brings us to Tiverton. This is a hard fight. The officers have to walk miles every week to their outposts. There is no fun about that kind of fighting I tell you, but smiling girls, you will in nowise loose your reward.

• • •

Our meeting consisted of more juniors than seniors. Someone said, "where's the Ensign, the children's friend?"

• • •

We found at Paisley things going on very nicely, a good crowd inside and best of all *one soul* came to Jesus. Glory to God it cheered our hearts to see and hear the penitent cry. Captain Hayes and Lieut. Faskin are doing something for God in this place. We pray that the fire will melt things down and that it will soon blaze.

• • •

The devil is trying to delude souls in this place. Some even declare they are saved from hell and can go on sinning all the time. Lord open their eyes. Amen.

• • •

At Walkerton we spent a week end. Things are hard but not so hard as it was; so keep hammering away comrades. God bless Capt. McKague as she fights single handed, yet not so for she has the King of Kings to help her.

• • •

We once heard of a man who undertook to build a tunnel. His men came to him and complained that the rock was so hard they would never get through, but he asked them if they had made any marks "yes," they answered, so he ordered them back, telling them to keep on making marks and they would get through.

• • •

God bless you comrades. Go on making marks on the devil's kingdom and you will come off victorious.

What Tom's Mother Said.

BY M. R.

Our Colour-Sergeant of B. is a well-known character in the neighbourhood in which he lives. One day I asked him if he has always been a total abstainer. This question somewhat amused him. "A total abstainer!" he replied; "I should think not, indeed!" I afterwards learnt that he had been a comic-singer, which always made him a favorite in the saloons. His singing there would bring together numbers of the people, which, of course, the saloonkeeper never objected to. At the end of every song he would have a good drink from the intoxicating cup, which often caused him to go home late at night as tipsy as he could well be.

If one had said, in those days of his wild career, that he was going to make a real good Salvation Soldier, many would have felt compelled to say, "Impossible!" but "all things are possible to him that believeth for "Poor Tom," as they familiarly called him.

On a certain Saturday, after spending most of his time in the public-house, he went home at night tipsy, as usual, and would doubtless have spent the Sunday in the same way; but for the fact, all these places were closed, and so "Poor Tom," had to content himself as best he could.

Towards evening he wandered out for a stroll, when a procession attracted his attention. He followed them, which soon brought him to the Drill Hall, and he heard words that night from some of our soldiers that reached his heart, and before the meeting closed, he was seen at the mercy-seat seeking Salvation! Hallelujah!

Thank God, he found what he sought, and from that night he has been a real good Soldier of that Corps. He is as well known as a Christian worker as he used to be in the service of Satan. While giving his testimony one Sunday, I heard him say—"I'm spotted now wherever I go. When I go to F—— they call me 'the Hallelujah Canary.' If I am in B—— they say 'Jumping Jack,' and when I am in B—— they call me 'Daft Tom,' but I think I was 'Daft Tom,' when I was old Tom, and took all my money to the saloon to get what we used to call 'Old Tom;' but thank God; I am 'New Tom' now, and keep drinking from the Fountain that never runs dry."

Some friend called upon his mother one day, and said what a pity her son was mixing himself up with The Salvation Army. "Oh," said the dear old soul, "Don't let him hear you say that, for whether he is right or wrong, I would much rather he be as he is now than as he used to be, for he never gets typsy now, and he brings his wages 'straight home to me.'" The dear friend had not another word to say. God bless, and keep, and use dear old Tom.

Why the Larrikins Stayed Away.

(Of course in Australia the term *Larrikins* means toughs? It will pay every officer to read the following taken from the Australian "War Cry.")—ED.

"I say Bill, there's a new bloke up at the Army?"

"Do ye say so, mate! What is he like? Can he sing? Does he keep things lively?"

"I say, mate. I did like poor old Smilingface, the last feller. He was a man, an' no mistake. Ye remember how I used to get on at him, pitching them there flour-bags at him in the open-air, and howling inside his barracks. Aye, and didn't he land me once or twice. I haven't got over the shaking he gave me the last time he passed me in a hurry through the door; but I deserved every bit of it, an' a lot more. But there was no badness in him, pal, not a bit.

"Ye know the night it was so awful wet and cold, when they had that special 'go.' I was there. He made me feel quite soft—never felt anything upset my apple-cart more in all my life. I was walking by his side when they marched off, and bless me if, all of a sudden, he didn't turn round, and I heard him say to the special bloke. Poor feller!' and off went his cape from his big coat, and he put it on my shoulders, and looked as pleased as if he had just taken up the best korlection he ever had."

"Yes, Ned, he was a man!"

"Of course, I went to his farewell; and, when he said good-bye, for mischief I shouted out 'Good job!' He got my last bob that night; and I mean to tramp to that place he has gone to, to see him, one of these fine days."

"But what sort of a feller is the new one, Ned?"

"Oh, criky! Ye should jest see him. Quite a gent. He can sing, and he knows it. And talk—he beats them fellers as jaws the Beak holler. But isn't he down on us! Why, what de ye think? He declares, mate, that, accordin' to Hact of Parliament, huz fellers should not even smile in the meetin's; and, should huz ever do so, we are to be had up before the Beak, and so and so. Bless me if I should mind going before the Beak for that bloke! An' them poor soldiers, mate; I pities them. He grumbles when they sit down and when they stand up, and says they are nowhere to the ones he's left. Says they have no life, nor no fire. Poor critters! strikes me they'll have little of anything if he stays long!

"Then he's goin' to have a big subject Sunday, and lecture Monday. An' what de ye think, mate? He actually had the cheak ter tell the folks to bring their respectible friends with them, an' he would guarantee 'em perfect horder. Say, Bill, Army's getting jest like steeples. I say, let's leave him to his respecterble friends, as he calls 'em."

More Rescue Homes needed in the Dominion. We must have them. Our fallen sisters must be saved.

In The Backwoods.

(Continued.)

I wish I could give the "War Cry" readers a realistic idea of the lovely little backwood gatherings among the simple rusticated settlers which followed those I described last week. Tuesday night being announced for a meeting in the school house seven miles further north, we started early, over mounts, through valleys and across rivers, only stopping by the way to peep in at the little Catholic church and grave yard; alas! alas! Even here have the

Agents of Papal Government

set up their tinsel alter, ornamented in the usual style, only with less grandeur, which only makes its tawdiness and vanity more self-evident. It is not difficult to appeal to the hearts of these backwood farmers. Why then seek to advocate the cause of Christ in such a shallow and empty fashion as by appealing only to the outward senses of the eye? What can be more beautiful than nature herself, and what more hollow and superficial in comparison than artificial finery?—Our souls groaned within us once again, as we retook our seats in the buggy, and the cry went up to Heaven as a prayer. "How long oh! Lord. how long will truth be veiled for the want of faithful messengers to proclaim it?"

At the appointed hour we found quite a large crowd of people assembled in the little school house waiting our appearance.

There was a certain undefined reserve throughout the meeting, I am sorry to say, which made all our efforts a positive labor and burden, felt not perhaps by the audience so much as by those of us who by long and blessed experience have been enjoying the land of Spiritual freedom.

The testimonies were decidedly slow until we felt it were better not to have such testimonies at all. There seemed to be a hidden cause which you could neither name nor distinguish, and yet it was there. However, before undertaking the meeting, we had thrown ourselves upon God's grand resources, and we felt our utter dependence upon Him to be the only hope for the present need. He gave us a message and all we had to do was to deliver it, and trust Him with the consequences, and yet we came home from that school house with heavy hearts at the

Apparent Unsuccess and Failure

of our mission. The next day, however, we learn't once again that man's extremity is God's opportunity. One dear woman with all the simple quaintness of country candor said, "I got so much blessing last night, there were several things I had not been able to understand for a long time. I had talked them over with my neighbor, but what she told me mystified me more, and last night you just explained it all so clear that I could not but understand."

We thanked God and remembered once again that it was Christ's work to bless just as really as it was to *save*, and so we can but rejoice to be used in His hands for either work. Which of us can, after all, measure results? What we think the most unsuitable is very often the most suited to some one else.

Thursday a great rain and wind storm prevented our fulfilling another appointment some sixteen miles distant, eleven of which were by way of the lake. But the Lord found us other work to do, without going out of our way at all to look for it, so we just looked up to Him with the sweet consciousness:—"Thou knowest best oh! Lord."

Saturday, quite a novel work was given us. A Frenchman had been very indignant as well as mystified the previous Sunday because we had ventured to ask him the all important question,

Are You Saved?

(ETES-VOUS SAUVE ?)

He had been harping on it all the week, and reading up the mass book in order to find out that we had no business to expect anybody to be able to say so much. He had arrived at that conclusion at last, and was very anxious to meet us again and discuss our wrong standing. Of course we were delighted to do so, having been told that he was the

Most Well Read Man

for miles around. He dived into his subject at once, although it was by the the road side, whether we had beckoned to him as he was mowing grain. The conversation of course was in French, and I had my French Bible in my hand.

"You read Luke 18 and 10th verse," was his self-satisfied and quenching argument. We turned up and read the parable of the Pharisee and Publican for his as well as our own benefit, and at once it dawned upon us the remote connection that he had wished to infer. "Now don't you see," said he, "it was just the same as though the Pharisee had said, 'I am saved' and Jesus Christ says he did not go down to his house justified." We tried to explain to him that those of us who claimed we were saved did not attribute the glory to ourselves, but to Jesus Christ who saved us, and then we read to him the words in St. John's Epistle:

"We know that we have passed from death unto life." "St. John's Epistle? said he—St. John did not write any Epistles—it was only Paul who wrote Epistles."

Now he had surely got beyond his depth, so we asked him if he would accept a little Testament with all the Gospels and all the Epistles in? He gladly accepted it, and having had a little further talk we left him, not however, without feeling anew, how difficult it is to be simple enough to adopt ourselves to the utter ignorance of those who do not even know what "being saved" means.

Sunday was another rainy day which prevented a large number from coming up to the meeting. We were gladdened nevertheless to see the evident earnestness when near the appointed hour we saw a little boat with three people toiling against wind and rain on the lake, and making for the house. Although only about ten persons, we had a most blessed little meeting. One dear fellow with evident effort gave the following testimony:—

"I have a word to say for Jesus, although it takes all the courage I've got to say it. Last Sunday was the first of this kind of meeting I've attended. Although I've been to many others, but I must say that this one had a greater impression upon me than anything I ever remember; me and my wife and brother have been talking it over all week, and we have decided, the three of us, to live different lives from this out. We want to serve Jesus. It is hard to do so in many ways, but we hope and trust that He will help us." Before we had done rejoicing over this, the twin brother gave us his testimoy also.

He said that he was one who could say that things were now changed for him. He had begun a different life, and referred to the Sunday meeting as having so greatly enlightened him, and having been the starting point, but then he said looking forward

His Heart Sank Within Him

at the long dreary winter before them, when there would be no meetings of any kind, and no preaching, and no Christian people to cheer and encourage them. They would have to fight their battles alone, and try and cheer each other up, but they so needed to learn more about this new path, and yet there would be no one to back them. Must I confess dear "War Cry," that tears came and filled my eyes as I listened to that plaintiff and yet true testimony? Oh! how I longed that the laborers were not so few, and that far and wide Salvation riders could take the bread of life to such desolate villagers and settlers.

The next day we said "farewell" to our kind friends, and the delightful farmhouse and country, and by way of the lake sailed forth to fulfill the previous Thursday's appointment, and then return to town.

By some mistake the letter announcing our coming had not reached, and the meeting was therefore unannounced. It would, however be a strange coincidence to find a Salvationist stuck, and so as we drove along the roads in the heavy lumbering country waggon, we stopped and hailed every farm-house, or field laborer to announce that the Salvation Army had come and would hold a meeting in the school-house that evening. It would be hard to quarrel with the beauty of that hilly region, but I must say that ride has left a very *rugged* impression upon my memory. Of bumps and bumps, holes and hills, rocks and stones, first a thud, and then a jolt. It was a wonder we were as much collected as the occasion afterwards demanded. Our driver was an old, old man of 75 summers, with long gray shaggy beard, as nimble and as comical as ever I met. He amused us mightily with his jokes, although I am sorry to say that the hard worked team got

An Occasional Swear Word

if they did not quite drag their load over the road as dexterously as they might. At one place, he stopped to announce our mission like this:—

"I say! hello! Here's somebody here wants to preach to you to-night." I need hardly add as a sequel that the schoolhouse was well attended when the meeting hour came round. We had a fairly good meeting also, although "the boys" never having seen the S. A. before thought it their duty to laugh a little when we said anything that seemed to them too practical or simple for a preacher to say. I will content my readers by merely adding to all this, that the Lord blessed us.

NETTIE SIMCO.

HALLO FROM HALIFAX!

—7—

D. O. BOLTON.

A Man acting the Cat.

HALIFAX I.—"Heaven against hell" has been our motto during the past week, and we mean to defeat the devil on every hand with God's help. On Sunday forenoon we had a blessed time. One comrade said that "when he came to God to get his sins forgived God transformed His photo in him, and that he meant to let the people see it in his life, and that if he had wings he would fly away to Jesus." In the afternoon we had a grand time good march and open-air. At the open-air the devil had his imps hard at work; at one time we thought the people would start fighting, but, praise God, it was kept down. There was an old man around us, *acting the cat*, and whenever we looked at him he would hide behind a flag-staff—just like the devil, he is sly enough for anything. Good meetings through the rest of the day, and at the close we had one precious soul who got gloriously saved. Keep believing for more to come.—Cand. W. C.

Two Backsliders Return.

SYDNEY, C. B.—We believe our God whom we serve is able to save from sin all those who will come unto Him. We are doing all we can for God here. We have seen two backsliders return home to the fold. Our soldiers are coming out into more light and liberty. People are kind to us, and still we live and fight and pray to God to save this town from sin, pride, and morality. We are all living at Jesus' bleeding feet.—Lieut. and Capt.

A Grand Testimony.

LUNENBURG.—Two out for salvation, one for holiness, and one backslider. One said "I am glad I can say I am saved, which I never could say before." God is helping us, and in faith we believe that souls shall be won from sin and Satan.—Capt. D. P. McRAE.

A Fog Horn and a Crank.

LIVERPOOL, N.S.—Thank God the fire burns brightly here. Everything is moving along grand; although the devil is kicking in the open-air Jesus gives us victory. They got out an old fog horn (turned by a crank, in both senses of the word), but through it all we have good crowds at the open-air and in the barracks. Marches and knee-drills going up; holiness meetings grand, and souls every week. We march on and give to Jesus glory.—Capt. L. LARDER.

A D. D. writes a Report.

DARTMOUTH, N.S.—Did you say Staff-Capt. Bolton was coming? If you had been there on Monday night, you would know. I was there and I assure you it was good to be there; everybody seemed to enjoy themselves. Bless God. We believe a work was done for eternity. On Sunday, after a hard pull, God answered prayer, and we rejoiced over one soul. She cried, and God beautifully saved her, and He is keeping her. Bless Him. Yours fighting and delighting.—EMILY MARCH, D.D.

T. H. Lassies Report.

COW BAY.—We're T. H. Lassies today, We'll fight for our Lord all the way. We've taken our stand in the soul-saving band, We'll be T. H. Lassies for aye. Praise God, for a T. H. experience that the Blood cleanses from all sin. We're getting more of God. Crowds are getting larger, and as our God goes before us to win our battles for us, our motto is "Victory or death." Keep believing that the Lord is not going to let us die yet; but souls are going to be saved by the Power and Grace of God. Amen.—GELTIE & STACEY.

Where D. O. Grayson Commands.

—8—

God's Goodness and Severity.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Since our last report, we have been working away against the powers of darkness and sin. Glory to God, He always gives us good measure, for He has a never-failing supply and is able to make all grace abound toward us, while we live by faith and do His blessed will. Yesterday (being Sunday) good meetings all day. Although we rejoiced with the angels in heaven over TWO souls, yet we could not help feeling sad over those whom the enemy is leading captive at his will. We mean to deal faithfully with them, about their souls, and warn them of death and the coming judgment and the goodness and severity of God, Who will render to every man according to his works, whether they be good or evil. Our prayer is, God hasten the time when these dear people will be willing to give up sin.—Cadet M. DEONEN.

A Poor Sister Saved.

CALGARY.—"I am sure we shall win, for we fight in the strength of our King." Last Wednesday, a precious SISTER cried to God for pardon, and He who never turns away a penitent soul, heard her prayer, though she had been so steeped in sin. When she let God take hold of her, He made her a new creature, and she keeps saying "Oh, you don't know how happy I am, I can't tell you—and everything is so changed." Hallelujah! Salvation does change everything. Old things pass away, and everything becomes new. Look out for more.—Capt. HILTS.

An Old Warrior Returns.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—God's promise is, "He will show Himself strong, in the behalf of them whose hearts are perfect towards Him." And having some of this kind of soldiers in the 30th corps, we can report victory. Our meetings have been good of late, God gives us good crowds in open-air and barracks, and the truth is delivered in faith, and God has honored our faith. Our hearts rejoice over seeing FIVE precious souls won for the Kingdom the last week and we are believing for more soon. Our Capt. is ill but at present, and we are praying that God will bring her back stronger than ever in spirit and body. We had a visit lately from our old comrade, Lieut. Scott, and we were glad to see and hear Lieut. once more. A few complained of being disturbed by our 7 a.m. knee-drill. Lieut. is quite noisy. Praise God for a Salvation that enables us to rise and shout praises to Him for what He has done for us.—C. M. N.

Proper News from Portage

Here are a few things which we have seen and heard recently in and around the place:—

While out visiting in the country the other day, we saw how the frost of the previous night had blackened all the tender vegetables. It made us think of how the devil and sin was blackening people's hearts.

Another thing we saw, while visiting was an intelligent looking young man in bed suffering from the

Effects of a Drunken Spree,

who said that he was not in a humor to talk about Spiritual things. It made us think that he will have lots of time to think over these things when it will be forever too late, if he does not get saved, for "no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God."

We also saw an old man about 80 years of age, who was suffering from Rheumatism and could hardly move. He did not believe he had a soul, nor did he believe in hell or God. "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." Unless he repents and seeks for pardon, some of these days he will prove that in reality, for "in hell he will lift up his eyes being in torment."

We saw an old man ninety years of age, who was not saved and who said he never did anyone any harm, and also heard that

He Curses and Swears

something terrible.

I heard of a certain individual who was resisting the voice of God, and would not obey the call to follow Him all the way, who sent something she was making home without any sleeves in it, thinking it was finished. Obedience will put all these things right.

I heard of a comrade recently, who was in a certain hotel on some business, who, when coming out of the room, was eyed very critically by some of the people, as much as to say that is no place for a Salvationist; the world knows where our place is.

I heard the same comrade the other night in the meeting say he was in this right mind and that happy, that he was was singing all the time, was afraid he would break out on the street some of these times; "Quench not the Spirit."

I heard the saved Parrot from Winnipeg sing and speak in our meeting the other night. She did well, only she had no wings, but is going to hear the flapping of the angels wings by and by.

I heard a comrade say in our holiness meeting, that he got so happy sometimes that he could not contain himself, but had to break right out in praises to God. He says the secret is, that he is obedient to the voice of God. I heard in the same meeting

Three Cry for Deliverance

from self and sin. God met with them and sanctified them, now, instead of being empty and useless, they are "filled with the Spirit" and prepared for every good work. Personally, I am blessedly saved.

WM. WHITE, Lieut.

CONTENTS.

Page
From Chimney Sweep to Colonel ... 1
The Commissioner at Hamilton; His welcome home; Pithy tit-bits ... 2
Sheltered; Blue nose notes; Deseronto to heaven; London Division chips ... 3
Chimney Sweep to Colonel (cont) ... 4
Chimney Sweep to Colonel (cont.) ... 5
Rescue scraps; Palmerston perambulations; What Tom's mother said; Why the larrikins stayed away ... 6
In the backwoods; Hallo from Halifax; Proper news from Portage ... 7
Songs; Gazette; Leaders ... 8
Our Social Reform Branch ... 9
Montreal movers moving; Bonnie bits from Barrie; Planked around Peterboro; Manitoba mint re ... 10
Hamilton hash; From Major Jacobs' charge; News from the South-West; Toronto's thrilling tit-bits ... 11
Cuttings culled; Two glorified babies; Camp fires around Seaforth; Hepworth ... 12
Our London letter; War notes; To all officers; Auxiliary notes; What can you do? ... 13
Missing and enquiry; Front-bench tattles; Tit-bits for all classes; Where was it? ... 14
War Cry and "Young Soldier" Competition List ... 15
Coming events; Trade, etc. ... 16

D.O.'s and F.O.'s Attention!

The quarterly collection for the SOCIAL REFORM FUND will be taken up on SUNDAY, OCT. 18th in the

Eastern, Western, and Toronto Divisions.

The Sunday offerings will be sent on to headquarters for this fund, which will be used to assist in the support of the Prison Gate Work, Female Rescue Homes and Childrens Shelters, the great needs of which you are aware of.

Field Officers will please fill up the small slip sent them and carry out the instructions given on same.

Now comrades, help, all help, officers, soldiers, friends and toughs, join and help us in these, our great financial burdens.

Officers commanding corps will explain fully and appeal for the above fund.

GONE HOME FROM TWILLINGATE.

The death messenger has been around again and brought a summons to sister Rogers to appear before God to give an account of the deeds done in the body. She was a soldier of our corps (but not enroled, being too sick at the time of the enrolment). I visited her after coming here and found her always ready to answer "Yes" when I asked her if she was ready. Without any doubt or fear she passed away Wednesday morning to meet her Jesus Whom she had served, and to hear the shouts of welcome from those around the Throne. May God help us so to live so that we may meet her there.

JAMES BOWERING.

All seats free. A brother in inviting the people to the Barracks one Sunday, said, "Thank God, Salvation is free, aye! free as the air we breathe, and our seats are the same price;" and he was quite right. The Army does not believe in making the people pay seat-rents and yet there are hundreds, aye thousands, who now will not come to hear the glad tidings of great joy. May God fire us all more with the Holy Spirit, and help us go to the rescue of a half-damned world they will not come to hear us. Comrade, are you an open-air Soldier?

HELP THE PRISON GATE BRIGADE WORK ALL YOU CAN!

Our Social Reform Page. We shall strive week by week to bring this branch of our work before the public through the "War Cry," and to this end devote a page or a page weekly giving information about the success of the various branches of work included under this Reform Branch. We have started this by devoting page 9 to this special purpose. This page should be perused by all, as it gives an idea of the different methods of carrying on this work. We urge all to do their best to help by donations of money, food, clothing, &c., and don't forget to pray for the officers engaged in this noble work.

ORIGINAL SALVATION SONGS.

1 ANNIVERSARY SONG.

BY JACK.

TUNE.—"*All Round the World.*"

Eight years ago in Canada's fair land,
Eight years ago a noble little band,
Brave, daring, bold, and full of Holy Ghost,
They started, standing very bravely to their post.

CHORUS.

Keep waving, keep waving,
The yellow, red and blue,
We soon shall plant our gallant flag
The whole world through.

True, they were few, but God was on their side;
They stood to their guns, the truth they did not hide;
Though then a spark, see now the kindled flame,
Throughout the land we march and fight in Jesus' Name.

Fierce, wild, and great the storms have beat around
Our gallant ship, yet she is not aground.
Scoffers, and foes, and many traitors too,
Have tried to lower the flag of yellow, red and blue.

After eight years of struggle, war, and fight,
We meet to-day with hearts and faces bright.
Glory we give to our great Captain. King.
To God we give the thanks, and loud His praises sing.

2 CONSECRATION.

BY MILLIE MONK, WOODSTOCK, ONT.

TUNE.—"*From Every Stain.*"

O, Lord, I come to Thee,
Weary of self and sin,
Thou, only Thou, canst give me help,
And calm the heart within.
See! tossed with fear and doubt,
I now before Thee stay,
And cast myself at Thy dear feet;
My Jesus to obey.

I'm glad, oh Lord, I'm Thine,
So glad that Thou art mine,
With love divine, and power of Thine,
I'll do Thy holy will.
I'll follow where Thou lead,
Although the way be rough,
I know that Thou wilt guide me thro'
And that will be enough.

I'll trust Thee all the way,
And show to those around,
That Christ is all in all to me,
The Pearl of Great Renown.
I mean to work for God,
While in the world I stay,
For I will follow my dear Lord,
I'll follow all the way.

3 SALVATION.

BY CAPT. E. WISEMAN.

TUNE.—"*Lion of Judah.*"

Poor sinner accept now the joys of Salvation
Which Jesus has purchased for you with His Blood.
Oh, turn not away from the kind invitation,
Nor spurn any longer the mercy of God.

CHORUS.

For Jesus my Saviour invites you to come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

The hopes of your life may through sin have been blighted,
And sorrow's full cup may, long since, has run o'er,
The Saviour's entreaties with coldness you've slighted,
And yet He is calling you, Sinner, once more.

Oh, hear His sweet voice and your heart no more harden,
While mercy's wide door is still open for thee,
He will not upbraid but abundantly pardon,
And give you Salvation, full, present and free.

Then come, come away, soon death's summons will meet you
And from all your idols and pleasure depart,
The Saviour is waiting with pleasure to greet you,
If only you yield up to Jesus your HEART.

4 Precious Loving Jesus.

BY J. E. STERLING.

TUNE—*Precious Name.*

Loving Jesus, precious Saviour,
Oh, what joy to know Thee mine,
Oh, what bliss to have Thy favor,
And to feel that I am Thine.

CHORUS.

Precious name, Oh, how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of Heaven.
(Repeat.)

Guide me, oh, my dear Redeemer
By Thy strong and mighty hand
Make the edge of conscience keener,
Lest by aught I Thee offend.

Keep me, precious Master, keep me,
Pure and holy, meek and mild,
Living day by day to please Thee,
Trusting simply, as a child.

Let my life be one sweet story,
Of the triumphs of Thy grace,
Walking perfectly before Thee,
Till I see Thee face to face.

5 TELL OUT THE TIDINGS.

BY R. P. BENNETT.

TUNE.—*Gospel Bells.*

For God and souls we're fighting,
In this great Salvation War.
We know that we are soldiers,
For Satan presses sore,
We know that we are saved,
And our faith and works shall tell,
By our every word and action,
That He doeth all things well.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, we are free,
And we will the tidings tell,
We were blind, now we see,
That He doeth all things well.

He saves, and keeps, and blesses,
Those themes are our delight—
And in our darkest moments
He sheds His glorious light,
He calls us each by name,
We who once were fit for hell,
But He makes us fit for heaven,
For He doeth all things well.

Oh blessed dear Redeemer,
Make us soldiers good and true,
To this great Salvation Army,
Let us do as Thou would'st do,
Make us mighty in Thy name,
That we can to sinners tell,
They too may have Salvation,
For He doeth all things well.

6 PUSH THE "WAR CRY."

BY "MAC," LINDSAY.

TUNE—"*Comin' Thro' the Rye.*"

To raise the scales of "War Cry" sales
Indeed we mean to try;
Every corps upon our shore
Has now a full supply.
Circulate them, those who hate them,
Surely can't deny
Glorious news of change of views
Are printed in the CRY.

If good reading you are needing,
Come and buy a CRY,
Don't abuse them, but peruse them,
Who will buy a CRY?
Reading matter thus we scatter,
Telling far and wide
That to bring us home to heaven
Christ the Saviour died.

Those who hate us soundly rate us—
Now induce to buy;
Tho' above us they would love us
If they read the CRY.
Push the WAR CRY, push the WAR CRY,
Will you buy a CRY?
Help the WAR both near and far,
Oh, come and buy a CRY.

Let each soldier on his shoulder
Take a "War Cry" pack,
Then set out, the devil rout,
And drive him off the track.
Oh, what blessing you are missing,
Selling not the CRY!
Yes indeed you can succeed
If you will only try.

Have you seen the new Rescue Collecting Box? 1000 people wanted to take one each. Send for one.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Lieut. E. *Wilson*, scribe to Major Baugh, of Kingston Division, to be *Capt.*
Lieut. Geo. Fox, of Hamilton I., to be *Capt.*
Lieut. Emma Brough, of Headquarters, to be *Capt.*
Lieut. Bessie Neely, of Cobourg, to be *Capt.*
Cadet Lieut. Goodchild, of Yorkville T.H., to be *Capt.*
Cadet Harry Gale, of Yorkville T.H., to be *Capt.*
Cadet Emma Rose, of Ottawa T. Depot, to be *Lieut.*
Cadet Benj. Sherwin, of Yorkville T.H., to be *Lieut.*

APPOINTMENTS—

Capt. Goodchild, to Georgetown.
Capt. Gale, to Paris.
Capt. Fox, to Cobourg.
Lieut. Sherwin, to Georgetown.
Lieut. Rose, to Montreal III.

T. B. ADAMS.
War Office, Toronto. Commissioner.

WAR CRY

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1890.

News Again. The Commissioner has ultimately decided to open another Rescue Home in London, Ont. The ceremony will take place on Sept. 25th. Surely we are sailing away to the help of the thousands of fallen ones. I wonder what city will be opened up next? Wait, patiently wait.

What a Success. Just as we go to press the news reaches us of marvellous times at the opening of the Stratford Rescue Home. Excitement prevailed. God is in the concern. The citizens of Stratford see that we mean practical business. The lost and fallen must be saved. Look out for a full report next week.

The new J.S. Man. By the time this issue is in the hands of our many readers Staff-Capt. Bennett, with his wife will have arrived to lead on the J.S. War. Pray that God will, in a wonderful manner, bless his labours among the young and rising generation of Canada. The children shall be won for God. Welcome, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Bennett.

Our Front Page. We are glad to be able in this issue to give on our front page the photo and sketch of the life of that old renowned and original Army warrior, Colonel Cadman, who has come amongst us to help push on the old chariot. By a perusal of his life our many readers will see that the Colonel is a wonderful trophy of God's saving power and goes to prove that God is no respector of persons. Doubtless many of our comrades will get a more intimate relationship with the Colonel as he travels through the Dominion. We are confident that he will receive a hearty reception from all. God speed the Colonel.

Marriage Of Mr. Herbert. From the latest English "Cry" to hand we gather the news that Commandant Herbert Booth, the General's youngest son, is to be married on Sept. 18th, to Capt. Carrie Schoch, so that by the time this issue is in the hands of our readers the two will be one. With happy recollections we remember the meetings he led in Toronto on his way home from the Antipodes, and we are confident that every officer and soldier of the Canadian wing unite in sending him and his wife our Salvation greetings and congratulations. In a marvellous manner God has in the past helped the Commandant in his special work—and now that he has taken to himself a wife, we are sure that the future united labors of the two will be far more successful in the great work in which they are engaged. Accept our congratulations, Commandant and Mrs. Herbert Booth.

OUR SOCIAL REFORM BRANCH.

The Salvation Army Means to Help Alleviate Suffering Humanity.

Practical Philanthrophy—Prison Gate Work—More Rescue Homes—The Red Maria—Missing and Enquiry—Our Detective Agency—Marvellous Schemes.

HELP NEEDED!

"Two great contrasts," in the centre of this page should be read by every reader of the CRY. Hard, stern, awful facts are these. For years many mighty learned men have been trying to improve the social condition of the poor. Plans and schemes innumerable have been suggested and acted upon. Politicians and statesmen, governments and monarchies have all striven to

Better the Awful Condition

of earth's millions of needy, starving, suffering humanity, but to all appearance, alas, all the efforts on the part of these would-be benefactors, to a large degree the word failure may be written across all their efforts. Want and woe still abounds, Robbery, roguery, and theft run rampant. Crowds of unkempt, starving little children run up and down the streets of our Canadian towns and cities. Drunkards stagger along the sidewalks. The saloons are full of the flower of youth of both sexes, drinking that damning stuff which blasts so many, many lives, ruins so many homes, and causes its thousands of destitute orphan children.

Our prisons are full of men and women who have broken the laws of the land. Many are doomed to a life-long imprisonment. Some lay in the darkened cell under sentence of death. A continual stream of drunks, harlots, robbers, thieves, vagabonds, wretches, and murderers daily flows into the doors of our many Canadian prisons. The poor houses are full. In short, the whole world is full of poor, suffering, starving humanity.

Continually these crowds of sufferers cry out for some loving hand to aid them. Failing this they dive down

Deeper into the Awful Cesspools

of sin and iniquity. Consequently they live in misery, and die without hope, without God, are buried, and many we know are eternally damned and lost. Facts are facts, truths are truths, and these awful realities must be faced.

With all the societies formed and carried on for the benefit of mankind: with the thousands of churches and societies connected therewith; with all the laws for bettering the condition of the masses, the fact remains that the world, and to be plainer, Canada, the land of boasted freedom, is full of indescribable misery, for which something must be done and done at once.

Directed and led by God, our God, the church's God, the world's God, our dear General some time ago inaugurated a scheme for the alleviation of the suffering, hungry thousands to be found on the streets of the Metropolis. He erected and opened several Food and Shelter Depots, about which many of our readers have read with great interest. The success of this scheme has been marvellous. Already tens of thousands have been practically helped. Then he opened a

Kind of Labor Bureau,

where the unemployed could find employment. This, too, is working splendidly.

The whole of these departments have been called "The Social Reform Wing," and have been placed under the care and charge of Commissioner Frank Smith, a man admirably adapted for such a great work, and the man who wrote the panel which forms the centre of this page, "Two great contrasts."

Already great and influential men, such as Henry George, General Lord Wolseley and many other high dignitaries of the Old Land, have expressed very favorable opinions with regard to the working of these schemes.

In Australia the Government have granted big subsidies for the carrying on of this special work by the Army in that land, and we are confident that God has led the Army out on this special successful line of practically helping poor suffering humanity.

It will be remembered by many of our soldiers and friends in Toronto that during the recent Camp Meetings on Wells' Hill our dear Commissioner ventilated the different kindred schemes to the above which he was about to inaugurate. Every scheme met with great approval, and the fact that that audience gave $102 to help it along is enough to show the interest created in this special work about to be started by the Canadian Wing of the Salvation Army.

Since that time the thing has been getting into a ripened state. The Commissioner with his staff have been planning, scheming, and arranging, with the result that we are now enabled to tell our many officers, soldiers, and friends through the WAR CRY that these different schemes have been properly organized and are in thorough working order.

Doubtless a little idea as to the different departments of this Social Wing, and the manner in which the work is to be carried out will be of great benefit to our readers. Of course we cannot in this article deal exhaustively and in detail with each scheme, for the WAR CRY, week by week, will contain

Good Accounts of its Progress,

but in outline we can give all the nature of this special work, which, through the want, misery, and suffering of thousands, has been pushed upon the Army by God Himself, and we now want every man and woman, who wants to better the condition of the poor and helpless to come forward, and with their money pratically help us, for the expenses will be many and varied as will be seen by future developments.

The Rescue Work.

And who has not read with delight the accounts of this noble work as recorded in the CRY every week? For nearly three years this work has been successfully carried on among the lost and fallen more especially of the Queen City, for 'neath the outward religious cloak of Toronto there lies a seething mass of bitter and cruel devilry, which makes one blush to think of.

While religiously inclined people and professors are walking its streets, with Bibles under their arms, making their way to the various churches, some of the most awful sinful crimes are being enacted in the back streets, in the haunts of sin and shame, in the low saloon and dive, the description of which would scarcely be credited by those who have the form of godliness, but very little of

The Good Samaritan Spirit

to practically grapple with those evils and by dint of thorough hand-to-hand conflict with the devil, seek to save the lost.

"Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Can we to men (and women too) benighted
The Lamp of Life deny?"

A stirring question the above one is, and one which must be faced by every professing disciple of Him who was the pattern Rescuer, the Chief Example. To Him we give glory for all that he has done for the poor fallen girls and women through the aid of our gallant brave staff of Rescue officers.

We thank our many friends who have practically helped us by donations of money, food, and clothing, but "Excelsior" must ever be our motto.

Our dear officers in charge of this branch visit houses of ill-fame, low dives, talk with the girls on the street, visit the Court almost daily, and often the magistrate, instead of sentencing the poor drunken woman to a term of imprisonment, hands her over to the custody of the Army officers who do their best to rescue her, body and soul. It is a fact that two of these rescued girls are now officers in the Army, ranking as lieutenants, and many others have been restored to their sorrowing friends.

A fuller report of this work can be seen in the recently printed Annual Report, which should be purchased and read by all. Our Rescue work needs help.

The Commissioner has just opened a Home in Stratford, and St. John, Montreal, Halifax, Winnipeg, Victoria, B.C., and London will soon be bombarded. God will abundantly bless our efforts on this line. To the Rescue!

Prison Gate Brigade Work.

This will be a marvellous work. The good accomplished in this branch of our work will be unfathomable.

The poor prisoner when discharged from his darkened cell has very little chance for work, and very little hope of regaining the confidence of those around him. Consequently, as a rule, he goes deeper and deeper into sin and vice, and

Through the Ponderous Prison Gates

he goes again and again, each term of imprisonment getting longer and fiercer, till at last murder and the gallows is the out come.

What can be done with such men? Is there any hope for such? Can they ever be saved? Yes, thank God, we see in the Prison Gate Brigade work the small band which will soon increase to a mighty cloud of blessing, help, and salvation for the discharged criminals.

The Commissioner has the scheme well in hand. A "Red Maria" or van will meet the prisoner at the gate. Our officers will get to know if he wants to reform and lead a better life. If the prisoner answers to the affirmative he will be taken to the P.G. Home, where he will be cared for and given some kind of manual labor to do; not only this, their spiritual welfare will be looked after, and all that is possible will be done to get them saved. Thus they will be earning an honest livlihood among friends, and doubtless in time regain their lost characters, and again become honest citizens and good Christian men. Such is the Prison Gate Work, details of which will be found in our columns later on.

The Annual Report deals with this special branch of the Reform Wing. In it we see hope for the poor prisoner.

Not long ago the *Empire* devoted a large space of its pages, in which they spoke of the great and lasting benefits arising from such a work.

The following we clip from the Toronto *News*, and it refers to a meeting in Hamilton recently, led by the Commissioner:—

THE "RED MARIA."

IT WILL RUN IN OPPOSITION TO THE "BLACK MARIA."

HAMILTON, Sept. 5.—The Salvation Army barracks on Hunter Street was filled last night on the occasion of the induction of Staff-Capt. Southall and his wife as the divisional officers here. Commissioner Adams, of Toronto, was present, and the Army parade through the streets was very large and creditable. There was a good deal of speech making and band playing in the hall, and a good collection was taken up when the plate was handed round.

The principal speaker was of course Commissioner Adams, and in the course of his remarks that gentleman outlined a plan which the Army in Toronto was about to put into effect, and which was so eminently practical and Christianlike that it deserves more than a passing notice.

It appears that a Prisoners' Rescue Home is to be established in Toronto by the Army. A vehicle painted red, and known as the "Red Maria," will run daily to the jail in opposition to the "Black Maria" used by the police. Discharged prisoners will be invited to enter the "Red Maria," and will be driven to the home, where for a few weeks they will be kept, and given wood to split for which they will be paid.

If, after a term of probation in the home, the cases turn out well, efforts will be made to procure steady work for them outside. If members of the Army see a drunken man lying on the streets, instead, as heretofore, of sending for the patrol wagon, they will send for the "Red Maria." The drunkard will be driven to the home, kept all night, and sent off to his house next morning sober. If a mother is sent to jail for several weeks or months the children will be taken into a Children's Shelter, and saved from being thrust out into the streets.

Rescue homes for girls were about to be

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.]

Two Great Contrasts.

BY COMMISSIONER FRANK SMITH.

Step inside yon stately house; view the scene within. The busy day is over, night creeps on; man and beast alike seek rest. Behind those curtained windows, gilded candelabra twinkle with tiny beacons from sticks of perfumed wax. Art and genius stand out in sculpture in every corner, and look down from the tinted niches of the walls; Persian carpets are at our feet, the Indian fabrics that drape the alcoves, the lace, the linen, the cabinets, the inlaid tables, the bric-a-brac with which they are laden, the soft furs that break the slightest footfall, tell that the world has been scoured, and the brains of man has been racked to bring to that abode this

Wealth of Luxury and Luscious Ease.

See the occupant of this magnificent chamber drawing the lounging chair towards the brazier, spreading his hands over the glowing coals, and gazing into the flickering flames. What are the thoughts that chase each other through that well-stored brain, and bring the subdued light, like the soft mist of the setting sun, across those flashing eyes? Are they thoughts of himself or of his neighbor? As the east wind rattles the casement, does his thoughts ever carry him to the haunts of misery and sin?

A good man this, perhaps, who stands in the senate of his people, and on the accents of whose voice admiring thousands hang. May be, the day has been passed in usefulness and noble endeavor, and even now his heart may be softening with tenderness as he whispers to himself, "Surely goodness and mercy hath followed me."—By-and-by, sinking to his knees, there arises the plea, "Our Father," but as he utters this prayer does he think of his outcast brethren and sisters?

Change the scene! The same city, a squalid court, a rickety stair made fœtid through noise or exhalations, a bare attic, the only ornamentations of the reeking walls are the stains of oozing moisture from its leaking roof, the only perfume that makes the air heavy here is the

Repulsive Odors of a Broken Dust-bin

and the rotten garbage of the court below. Its illumination relies only on the flickering of a farthing dip that sheds its light from a broken bottle on the mantel. Fire there is none! For a seat and table a soap-box and a broken egg-chest do duty. An old mattress and a bundle of rags offer an uninviting substitute for a bed, and on this the children lie, forgetting for a time their misery. Their emaciated forms and dark-ringed eyes tell the

Hard, Stern Tale of Hunger's Pinch,

and the constant touch of fever-germs and gloom, in place of fresh air and light and sunshine.

Near to the empty grate, crouching towards the light, the mother sits: while stitch, stitch, the nimble fingers fly, with feverish eagerness lest light should fail before the task that means

Bread, and Warmth, and Almost Life

is ended. Suddenly, with a splash and a splutter, the miserable light from the candle dies out, and in the darkness, with a sigh, the toiler crosses her way to rest. Rest! but, mark you, not sought because of weariness, but because stern fate has put out the light, and bids her work no more. And yet even she, regardless of her hopeless lot, before she sleeps, bends the knee, and on behalf of the little ones and herself puts in the claim, "Our Father."

"There are extremes," say some. Truly, but, alas! such extremes as meet daily at the throne of grace. "Overdrawn," says another. Not at all, for it is but the picture in words of that which can be found in reality all round us.

Good people will sigh and say, "It is very sad," but it never seems to occur to them to ask the reason why.

On the same page of the newspaper one can almost always read of gorgeous feastings—

Of Seven-Course Dinners,

and of diamond ornaments of priceless value clasping the white throat of some gay butterfly of society, while side by side with all the details of gorgeous luxury and extravagant self-indulgence can be read the sickening details of a bitter fight with poverty, of a life of shame to supply the price of bread, of the bony finger of the hunger fiend grasping the grimy throat of a poor lost girl in the street, who at last, driven by despair, seeks to escape the sorrows of eternity through the suicide's grave.

Our hearts are heavy, our eyes are moist, as these horrors, day after day, come to our notice, as we see troops of ragged, gaunt, weary, disheartened humanity crowd round our doors, begging piteously for work to satisfy the gnawings of hunger, and we cry, "Is there hope, is there help, can these things be altered, is there room in the family circle, is there at our Father's board bread enough and to spare?" To these enquiries, thank God, we can answer a confident YES.

Montreal Movers Moving.

—3—

MAJOR GLOVER.

A Mighty Upheaval.

RENFREW.—We are glad to be able to add a word of cheer to your pages. God is getting to Himself the victory in this place. Our meetings are times of refreshing, and sinners are coming home. Shouts of victory can be heard as we go forth to fight, and some have fallen by the sword of the Spirit. Many wounded, who have had to go to the great Physician for healing. We give God all the glory.—Capt. Garey.

A Disobedient Soldier.

WATERLOO.—Well, here we are again. Some people accuse the S.A. of so much sameness, so we have had a week of new meetings, something new every night. There was great interest taken in the meetings, but nobody came to Jesus to get saved. *A poor backslidden candidate* came to me one day to have me address a letter to Headquarters, saying she had left the Army. She said, "I never was so miserable in my life as when I was writing that letter. I had to stop two or three times before I could finish it. I don't know why the Major sent me that letter. I told him some time ago that I could not go in the work." I replied, "God told him to send it. He was bound not to let you be damned if he could prevent it," yet she would not yield.—Capt. Parker.

A Man Going to Hell.

ALMONTE.—I am sure the devil has got his back up at us, and is putting it into the hearts of some of his imps to pay us a special visit. Saturday night a young man came into the barracks with *a lot of whiskey in him*, and before he could get out he stopped on the stairs. This is something like a conversation I heard last night. "Are you saved, brother?" "It's none of your business as I know of." "Is that so?" "Yes, and I think it the most insulting question a lady can ask." "Well, you are *going to hell*, did you know it?" "I don't know as I am, and I don't wish you to insult me again." "God bless you, prepare to meet your God." Glory to God, it is our business to insult the devil. This is the kind of people we have to deal with, and may God help us to warn them faithfully. One soul in the fountain. Praise the Lord.—Lieut. A. L.

Faith Triumphant.

QUEBEC II.—Glory be to Jesus! We can surely say that God has been answering prayer and fulfilling His promise, "Ask and it shall be given." The other day while visiting a dear sailor brother in his home, who was once fighting for God, but had wandered from the fold, he told us that he would like to be saved, but it was not for him; he would not get on his knees. We left him, praying that God would give us that soul. He came to the meetings for two or three nights, but would not yield. One afternoon he came down to the quarters, and with the *tears flowing down his cheeks* told us he wanted to get saved. We got down and prayed with him, and in a few minutes he rose from his feet a saved man. To God be all the glory. On Sunday morning we claimed one soul, and had glorious meetings of power all day, but the prayer meeting at the quarters before the night meeting was the crowning time. The soldiers were all on fire, and we went in to get another dear brother, who had come to the meeting, saved. As he prayed and asked God to save him, He did, and he is to-day rejoicing in the Saviour. The soldiers and officers feel encouraged to go on and win in the strength of our King.—Lieut. Nora Harding.

They Did Not Arrive After All.

CORNWALL.—We are not dead nor yet in an unhealthy condition. On Wednesday night we had Ensign Woodgate of the J.S. war to the front, and seven Juniors and one Senior were enroled under the colors. Our officers, Capt. Viner and Cadet Sale, farewelled also, and on Thursday morning a goodly number of the soldiers accompanied them to the station. At night we were full of expectations for our new officers, but were disappointed, and up to the time of writing (Tuesday) none have arrived. The soldiers kept together and we carried the meetings right on as usual, and God blessed and helped us in our efforts, and we had the joy of seeing one soul get saved on Sunday morning. Good crowds, good order, and good meetings. Praise God for the spirit of unity manifested by the soldiers. We are certain of victory here if we continue in this way.—J. W. B., Sergt.

Not Dead Nor Dying.

PERTH.—Probably some of your readers will think that this corps is no more, but I can assure you it still exists and is likely to, judging by the appearance of the 20 strong men and women who took their stand on the street Sunday night and preached Jesus to the large crowd that gathered around them. The meeting inside was grand, and the Spirit of God was in our midst. The comrades were all richly blessed, but no one was saved.—Arthur Savage.

Capt. Butler Says Good-bye.

MONTREAL I.—On the "farewell Sunday" our God drew very near. The meetings and numbers were very good. At the 7 a.m. knee-drill many pledged themselves to fight the battle through and defeat the devil. In spite of the rain we made for the wharf, (the only open-air stand we are allowed), and as we looked into the faces of the poor, dark, dark souls, we were so glad we could tell them of a Saviour who loved them and made manifest His love by dying for them. Praise the Lord! In the holiness meeting the light shone into many condemned souls. We all were much refreshed. In the afternoon meeting Adjt. Cousins led. In the night meeting the Spirit was striving with many. One backslider came back to her home. Monday and Tuesday's meetings were good. On Wednesday, though there was a storm, a big crowd gathered to say "good-bye." Thursday night—grand turn-out at the depot; the band played; the crowd was immense; many asking the boys to play again. I am quite sure the sight of so many Salvationists convinced the people that we were not yet extinct.—Capt. Jessie Butler.

Bonnie Bits From Barrie.

—2—

MAJOR CALHOUN.

Major Calhoun's First Visit.

STAYNER.—We had a visit from D. O. Calhoun and Scribe Brand last week, which proved to be a time of blessing and spiritual growth to our own souls, and a word spoken in due season to the unsaved, which God will not let fall to the ground unblessed or void. God speed the day when we will have another such visit.—Lieut. James Bremner.

That Precious Pearl.

NEWMARKET.—God is with us here. On Sunday, ONE poor soul professed to find the Pearl of great price—Salvation. Major Calhoun, God bless him and his Scribe, paid us a visit and apparently much good was accomplished. We are on the winning side.—Capt. E. Wiseman & Wife.

Two Souls, Bless the Lord!

HUNTSVILLE.—Another week has rolled by and TWO more souls have rolled into the fountain that cleanseth from sin. Attendance better, and in fact the Lord is making us all better. We are living in the fountain, walking in the light, and in for thrashing the devil, and that with all our might.—H. S. & Co.

He Shouted "Hurrah for Hell."

GRAVENHURST.—Gravenhurst is moving along slowly but surely. On Monday, 25th August, we went for a voyage to Bracebridge. When we arrived, we found Capt. Williams and corps on the wharf singing "Pull for the Shore." We marched to the barracks, where we had a good time. We had an International meeting, songs and testimonies from saved English, Irish, Welsh, Scotch, French, German, Swiss, American, Canadian, Danish, from representatives of those countries. The Hallelujah Dane, with his big wooden boots, caused quite a stir, as also did the flags of the nations represented. On leaving for home, a dude on shore shouted "Hurrah for Hell," at which a young fellow who went with us shouted back, "Every man for his own country," which made the dude sing small. We cannot boast of many conversions, but the soldiers are going in for more uniform, and more of God, and something surely must give way.—Sergt.-Major Skitton.

A London Leader.

—0—

MAJOR PHILPOTT.

Out and Out for God.

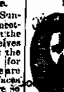
ST. MARY'S.—Well, I suppose you wish to know how we are getting along. We are having continual victory, gaining more friends, soldiers and officers getting more out and out for God. Sinners convicted of their sin and are seeking to be saved. Hallelujah!—Lieut. Vina Creamer.

Plucked Around Peterboro

—4—

MAJOR SPOONER.

Settling the Contract.



FENELON FALLS.—During the hot weather, the crowds have been very good, but they are growing larger and we are expecting to see a number growing in grace by coming to the place where the Spirit is calling them. We find it hard to get them to settle this contract of their souls' welfare. A few are wise by settling it. We are believing for many more.—F. R. V.

The Very Best of All.

LINDSAY.—God is breathing upon this place, and crowds are better, interest good, and best of all FOUR souls at the Cross. Glory to Jesus.—Annie Rowan.

A Number of Devils Show Up.

TYRONE.—Thank God, we are still fighting and marching on, and our motto is "victory." In spite of the devil, we are blessedly saved. Sunday was a day of blessing and power. God was very near, and His power rested upon our meetings. Many are miserable on account of their sin, but none will yield. We had with us some old comrades, and Sister Cass from Galt, who warned them faithfully and pleaded with them earnestly to yield themselves up to God. None would yield, and although part of the legion, or a number of the kind of devils we read of in the 8th chap. of Matthew were shown up in two young men, who seemed bent on upsetting the influence of the meeting, yet, bless God, He was with us. We parted, knowing we'd done all we could and leave the results with God.—Lieut. M. E. S.

It All Passed Off Well.

COURTICE.—"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of hosts." This is the promise we took in getting up our banquet, and I am sure it went off beautifully. Although it started to rain in the evening, yet the crowds came to hear the old friends of Fenelon Falls. The boys and girls did well, and the "best of all, the Lord was with them;" and we all noticed their uniform, Capt. Bob seemed to talk well, and we would like him to give us another call soon. The officers from surrounding corps and soldiers, took hold well in the Hosannah meeting.—Capt. F. Stockton.

Hot For the Devil.

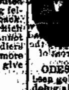
BROOKLIN.—Anything for Jesus" is our motto. We are glad to tell you that we are determined to follow all the way for Jesus sake. God is wonderfully helping us here to tell of the suffering, dying Saviour, how He came to seek and save the lost. We are understanding better how to wield the sword of faith, and to have the heart filled with love. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." We are in for making it hot for the devil in this place. Sinner, Jesus will save you if you are willing.—Capt. Cockerill.

The Limestone Three

—2—

MAJOR BAUGH.

What Filled Her Soul?



BATH.—The week just ended has been one of blessing. We have seen ONE soul seeking the blessing of a clean heart, and she was not disappointed. God set her free, and glory came filling her soul.—Capt. Evans.

That Dirty Old Foe.

ODESSA.—Since last week, we have been going through for God. The devil is doing all he can to upset us. He has been doing his dirty work, by throwing eggs and stones. We are not afraid of him, but we are on his track. How ashamed he will be when we show him his filthy work. Surely it is not the lives of the people that says they are saved. If we cannot find them out, God is knowing. We are going on nicely and going to conquer. We shall win.—Charles Lloyd.

Go in for Souls, Comrades.

TRENTON.—Since you last heard from us, we have been having the victory over the devil and sin. The other night, a poor PRODIGAL returned to the fold after having wandered far away out in the world, feeding upon the husks of the world, the same as the beasts; but when he was willing to return, and came and fell at the Masters' feet and was sorry for his wanderings. The blessed Saviour rejoiced, and we believe that there was rejoicing in the presence of the angels over that sinner. We had a regular old time rejoicing here on earth, and we wound up by singing "Give to Jesus Glory," feeling He deserved every bit of it. Well, things are still on the move and we are fighting away, although amidst many difficulties, God is being glorified. Bless His Name, Soldiers are getting more courageous. We will keep pegging away and fight the old devil and drive back the powers of darkness. Yours in the war.—Lieut. Whyte.

More Manitoba Mixture

—8—

MAJOR MORRIS.

Pray for these Comrades.

MOOSE JAW.—This morning we have nothing wonderful to report, but praise God we are having victory in our own souls. We find the work very difficult up here, but we know that by living true to God we shall have victory in seeing souls coming to Christ their Saviour. We are leaning on the strong arm of Jehovah for our strength.—Capt. Isaacson.

Another Sound Conversion.

RAPID CITY.—I had a long walk on Monday; very muddy; went as far as 15 miles away; came home Thursday. To-day while visiting I read about the Eunuch reading the prophet Esaias, and Philip made him to understand the scripture; and a sister listened as I read, and she understood and obeyed the Spirit of God. Prayer was the next on the scene; answer next. Question was "Has God saved you?" Ans.—"Yes; beautifully." Lieut. O'Neil arrived to-night. Hallelujah! Geo. L. Arkett.

God Bless the Policeman.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—We have great cause to be thankful, and we are trying to show it forth to glorify God. This past week has been one of victory; one soul on Sunday. After telling the dear people of a little debt that is on the Corps they nobly helped us to wipe a part of it off. We are believing for it to be all gone soon. The Major with Lieut. Harry and Frank Morris came along on Thursday night to give us a lift, and they did some fine playing on the street, which drew a big crowd on the corner and made some open their eyes, ears and mouths, and then we had some testimonies from the soldiers, and Bro. Rankin from Winnipeg gave the people to understand what Salvation is to him. *The poor policeman* here don't quite agree with us having a crowd to speak to, for he tries his best to disperse the crowd, but he has his hands full. The boys like to hear, and they stay right with us. The meeting inside was fairly well attended, considering that we only had three days to announce it. Friday night one who had gone astray came back to Jesus and now enjoys the blessing of God. The corps is advancing spiritually, and when those sisters all get into their bonnets, etc., and those boys who are talking of giving Staff-Capt. Walton of the tailoring department some extra work, then we'll shine and shout and sing.—Capt. Frank Hay.

Oh, for a Rousing!

EMERSON.—What !! The brewery idle! Yes, and a number of hotels stand, decaying ruins. The drunken laugh no longer echoes in those halls; the devil seems to sleep, and yet he holds some ground. Will he arise? He may, and leaven all the lump. But is Christ not represented here? He is, but still THE PLACE IS DEAD. The bells ring out a full, clear note, and yet 'tis sad withal. The people walk with solemn mien, and with a sigh sit down. The gospel feast is spread. But hark! the Army drum! Well, now, what brought them here? Who is that fellow at the front? I wonder where's their show. Over where the brick is piled. "Let's go and see. Is this the "Sals?" Why, they're about as solemn as the rest." I thought they'd up, and jump, and tare, and keep things in a regular flare! I say, the town is dead. Let's go! Hold still; can't you behave yourself in church? Ah! Ha! He says, "I'm here to make it go." Well, we'll see. He'll have to get a "move on" if he does. They've tried, and tried, and tried again, and yet this town remains the same. What's that he says? "Let's all stand up." Like decent men we will obey, and come again some other day.—Lieut. McGill.

A Grand, Pithy Report.

BRANDON.—A real good week. Three prisoners, three backsliders, two sanctified converts in uniform. God being glorified and the Enemy defeated. "Advance" our motto. For God and souls we are united to win.—Capt. Florrie Faith.

Hamiltonian Hash.

—12—

D. O. SOUTHALL.

Turned from Her Home.

WELLAND.—"God is our refuge, a present help in every time of need." We have seen no souls this week, but we have seen victory in other ways. Our private meetings are times of power. We are getting in touch with God. Some of the Calvary Spirit is in the S.A. yet. One young girl has been turned from her home because she will not give up the Army. The soldiers are getting some of the old fire. Our prayer is, "Lord, blow it into a real flame.—Capt. Hewitt.

Visit of the Staff Band.

OAKVILLE.—We can praise God this morning for the presence of the Staff Band in Oakville for Saturday night and all day Sunday's meetings. Those boys are indeed a sample of God's work. We do not find them confined to music alone, but we find them filled with the Holy Ghost, of the risen Christ, and ready to speak, sing or pray, as well as to play the instruments. This has indeed been a real treat to our souls. Seeing that the band occupied the platform, our soldiers had a golden opportunity of viewing the frank open countenances of those boys who have had the traces of sin and fear of death washed away by the blood of Jesus Christ, by Whose stripes we are healed and made fit for the Kingdom of God. We also rejoiced in giving our dear sister, Lieut. Lee, another welcome home for the occasion. May her visits be frequent. We pray God to bless her abundantly in her labor of love wherever His all-seeing eye may see fit to guide her, for He has promised to guide us with His eye.—L.E.G.

Yes, Capt., we will Look Out.

FORT ERIE.—Dear old friend War Cry, will you please give us space in your pages once more to report victory. Things are beginning to look up again, and we have victory in our own souls. Look out for next week.—Capt. Bailey.

The Wilderness Blossoming.

HAGERSVILLE.—The Lord is wonderfully helping us here. Last week our hearts were gladdened and we had cause to rejoice in seeing three souls coming to the Saviour. Last Sunday we had a beautiful time. I believe there was a work done that eternity alone will reveal. The fight is extremely hard here, but, praise God. He is working, and every day I can say that I learn how to appreciate Salvation and God better. Bless the Lord. Put in a word for us, comrades, when you pray. —Capt. Scarr.

Yes, They do Stand Well.

SIMCOE.—God, through the Salvation Army, has done a great deal in Simcoe, and is still doing, so you would have thought if you had been here and heard the testimonies given by *redeemed drunkards* and other classes yesterday. Bro. T.H. and K. and some others *have been terrible drunkards*, and as Bro. H—— said in his testimony "nothing but the power of God could have kept them from it," my soul said "Amen." Do they stand? Well, they have been saved six years and over and are still determined to be true to God and the Army. We have had a blessed week all through for victory, and one soul sought and found Jesus to the joy of her soul. Praise God. So we'll form our battalions and march on to victory.—Capt. Pink.

Gideon Arrives to Lead On.

HAMILTON I.—We arrived here on Thursday in good time to take hold of our new station. We find some good blood-and-fire soldiers who fall right in line to help us in the fight. We had a good day yesterday, both outside and in, and at night two souls came for pardon, and one backslider came home once more. Jesus has the glory.—Capt. Miller.

A Fisher Fishing for Souls.

BRANTFORD.—This week we are able to report a little more victory. The improvement in the numbers on the march and in the attendance at the meetings continues, and is still greater than even the week before; souls have been saved too. The Lord has been working on the hearts of the unsaved, and four have surrendered. Thursday one, Saturday one, Sunday two, also on Monday one backslider returned to the fold. The two saved on Sunday will make real good soldiers; they are bright and so happy, marching and testifying to God's power to save. The sister we spoke of last week has written to us. She is getting on beautifully in the *new way*; she feels as if she was a new creature. Praise the Lord. Saturday, orders came to farewell, so on Tuesday we said good-bye to the kind friends of Brantford, expecting to leave Thursday, but here we are yet. Wednesday, instead of the regular meeting, we had a soldiers' tea and Roll Call; such a happy, joyful time and blessed meeting. The Secretary, coming in after the meeting was begun, said it was like stepping into a little heaven. Thank God for the spirit of love and unity there is amongst the soldiers. Thursday, the welcome meeting to the new officers, Capt. Fisher and Lieut. Street, was a real hallelujah-rejoicing time. Both the officers having instruments makes quite an addition to the band. The meetings since have been good, and we pray the Lord will bless both officers and soldiers and give them wonderful victory both in their own personal experience and in the Salvation of souls.—Capt. Todd and Lieut. Young.

Palmerston Pithy Pointers.

—3—

ADJUTANT LEONARD.

Two Great, Powerful Devils.

DRAYTON.—While visiting this week, I got wonderfully blessed in my soul, and felt how grand it is to be serving the Lord. One dear man, who had been a great drunkard told me with tears in his eyes, that God had not only pardoned his sins, but had taken the appetite for drink away from him, and he was going to give up his tabacco, too. Hallelujah! Our God can save the drunkard. We are having real "old time" meetings here and God is working among the people.—Lieut. Le-Drew.

Two Slaves Set Free.

WIARTON.—Some time has passed since we were heard from through the Cry. We are still alive raising the banner of the Cross and proclaiming the wondrous works of the Almighty. Two souls since last report. Praise God, things are looking up a little. We give God the glory and march on.—Capt. W. Markle.

A Sleight-of-hand Man.

CHESLEY.—We say with the Lord, "I would that the people were either cold or hot. Brother Clark, of Owen Sound, was with us at Chesley on Saturday and Sunday, blessed meetings. The sinners felt the Lord was here. On Sunday evening, our Bro. gave his experience of seven years travel in the U. S. in show life, as sleight-of-hand performer. The people were melted down, but none would yield. Praise God, we are determined to win. When He is for us, who can be against us.—Sister Collett.

From Major Jacobs' Charge.

—1—

God Waits to Help You, Lieut.

ST. JOHN II.—We can thank God at the end of another week that we have had victory over sin, flesh and the devil. Our hearts have felt sad, for no one has accepted Christ, but we believe we shall reap in due season. We have had two for sanctification, and altogether we are going in to win souls.—Lieut. Polly.

The Band Boys Win.

YARMOUTH.—We have a lot of news, but not much space for it. We are having good meetings and very good crowds. We had with us last Saturday, Sunday and Monday, Major Jacobs, Capts. Brooks and Boyer, and the St. John Brass Band. I tell you what they made things lively down here. Come again soon, boys. We are in for victory over sin and the devil.

The Enemy Strongly Entrenched.

FREDERICTON.—We arrived here to find the Enemy strongly entrenched and steadfastly resisting the call to surrender. The soldiers are going to attend to their guns and fire away until they do surrender. Lord help us.

To arms! To arms!
The cry rings through the camp;
List! car'st thou not? hear
Hell's legions mighty tramp!
To arms! To arms! the cry;
We'll conquer if we die.

—Charlie McLean, Capt.

A Big Time all round.

DIGBY.—"The Salvation Army is everywhere," was a remark we heard the other day while standing on the wharf as the passengers were coming off the boat. Yes, thank God, the S. A. is still moving on in Digby. This last week we had a visit from Major, Capts. Brooks and Boyer, and the noted St. John Brass Band. Had a beautiful banquet; the people helped us well. Meeting good at night, and altogether it was a real stirring-up time. We wish they could all come again.—Capt. White.

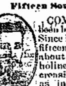
Big Guns Visit the Corps.

HAMPTON, N.S.—Our meetings all day Sunday were very good, from knee-drill till night. One man left his burden at the Cross; here Jesus gave him sweet relief, He cleansed his soul from all its dross, and gave him joy where once was grief. We had a visit from Staff-Capt. Beatty, also Capt. Gerrow of Ontario. We are getting on grandly in our souls, and having victory.—Lieut. Lottie Poole.

News from the South-West

D. O. McINTYRE.

Fifteen Souls for Pardon.



COMBER.—The Lord has been leading us on to victory. Since last report we have had fifteen souls for pardon and about the same number for holiness. Our ranks are increasing in holiness as well as in numbers. Blessed be God for ever. My own personal experience is, "I never was in a better condition in my soul." Praise the Lord. —Capt. Bradley.

God Took a Loved One.

WALLACEBURG.—Still we are steadily marching on, leaning heavily on the strong arm of Jesus. Since last you heard from here, God has reclaimed a backslider. Glory to His name. At first He took a loved one from the home. This touched the mother's heart and she knelt at the cross and pleaded forgiveness for her unfaithfulness. She arose rejoicing, shouting "I am glad. I am home once more." We are determined to be faithful and do our utmost for God in Wallaceburg.—Capt. Cowan.

She Means to Cry Aloud.

KINGSVILLE.—"Cry aloud, spare not; lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show My people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins." We have not space to declare the whole council of God this week. The Son of Man has been lifted up, and the claims of Christ have been laid before the people, and still, they say, "Away with Him." By their actions they say, "We don't want to have anything to do with Him." However, we mean to keep pouring in the Gospel truth and say, "Never daunted, fearing none, we gladly fight, and certain victory is our song." Praise the Lord.—Capt. Walker.

Our God will Never Disappoint.

GLENCOE.—Glory, glory, victory and blessing, and one sin-bound soul liberated. Praise the Lord. Truly Jehovah is on our side, and though the hosts of hell oppose us, we are sure of victory. There are many resting under conviction still, and we are praying and believing for them. Our prayers shall be answered for our God is a living One and will not disappoint us. Praise Him for ever.—Lieut. Sweet.

A Happy Surprise to Him.

WINDSOR.—Still "Jesus lifted draws the crowd." Last Saturday night a stranger who heard our march and music followed to the open-air meeting, supposing he was going to hear a foolish lot of people, when God revealed to him the secret and led him to the barracks, where, with three others, he got properly saved, and is now helping us to give to Jesus glory.—Capt. Scarr.

Newfoundland Niceties.

—6—

MAJOR SCOTT.

The Island Must Be Saved.

LITTLE BAY.—Since last report we have taken ONE prisoner for God, and TWO backsliders have been reclaimed. Hallelujah! Our God shall have the Island bye-and-bye. At any rate, we mean to lift up Jesus, the Mighty to save, to the people of Little Bay, until His love shall win them to Himself. We are sure we shall win, for on our side is the great King of kings; and "if God be for us, who can be against us?"—Anna E. Fry, Captain.

Something the Devil Dislikes.

FORTUNE.—We are still on the war path, striving to rescue the victims of sin. Our crowds are small, in consequence of the fishing season, and we don't see many visible results of our work, but we are sowing the seed in faith. ONE backslider reclaimed, and a few out for holiness, and six enrolled as soldiers since taking charge—four weeks ago. We reckon that this is more than the devil would like to see. But we would like to see a greater advance. However, if we cannot get them by scores, we are not above thanking God for the one's and two's. Soldiers and officers are doing well in their souls.—Capt. Hoar.

GREENSPOND.—It is just two weeks since I took charge of Greenspond, and I am quite at home amongst the people already. Our crowds are small as yet, owing to the busy time of the season. But our meetings are good, TWO souls saved, and I feel sure God can depend on us doing all we can to extend His Kingdom. Amen.—Capt. Millie Baldwin.

Three Sinners Set Free.

BAY ROBERTS.—The God of Israel has been with us the past week. In looking back, we rejoice over the three professors sanctified. Our prayer is that God will wake up the professors. THREE sinners also saved, glory to God. But we are not going to stop at that. We are going in for victory more than ever, and victory we must have, for we fight in the strength of our King.—Lieut. Freeman.

Toronto's Thrilling Tit-Bits.

—28—

MAJOR MARGETTS.

D. O. M. RSHALL.

The Girl who Came Out Boldly.

TORONTO XIII.—Praise the dear Lord for victory. We have returned from the Campmeetings more than ever determined to go in for God. On Thursday night God came very near, and one dear girl came out and gave herself to God, and since then has been on the march, and testified, and still we go on determined to win.—Capt. Jones.

Twenty Precious Souls.

TORONTO II.—Some people say we are mad, but thank God we are glad. The devil has been defeated and God has got the victory. During the last seven weeks we have had the pleasure of seeing twenty precious souls cry to God for mercy, and twelve for holiness. We give God all the glory. We have some blood-and-fire soldiers here; they tackle the devil anywhere and everywhere. We are in for victory.—Lieut. Stones.

Wonderful Answer to Prayer.

TORONTO VIII.—We had a grand open-air the other night. We were going to our usual place on Queen St., but when we got nearly there we saw our place was taken, so we marched by and saw a young man and young girl lifting up Christ to the people. Capt. asked him if they wanted any help. They said "Yes;" so we went in and helped them. We had a blessed meeting and a very large crowd; they seemed as if they could not leave the place. When the young man got up to tell of Jesus' love, he told the people about God answering prayer; he said that they were praying for God to send along someone to help them, when they heard the Army drum, and he felt sure God had sent us. We have some grand open-airs and grand crowds.—Cadet Major.

He sold 26 "Crys." Good!

BRAMPTON.—A few notes on W. C. selling. Thursday morning, at half-past seven, found me on my journey to the town of S——, about 10 miles off. Arrived in good time to do a good day's work. I had some W. C. with me, and as I went from door to door you would have thought *a show had struck the town*. But God helped me to speak to some of them about their souls. It was fine fun for the children to run from door to door and hear "the Salvation Army," as they called me. I found some real good people, and they would like the S. A. to come to their town as they never had it there yet. God helped me with the "Crys," and I got rid of twenty-six, so that was good. I was rather tired when I got home, but God blessed me in a mighty manner. S. F. Warder.

A Tough and a Drunk.

ORANGEVILLE.—We sang "Oh, the sunshine," on Sunday afternoon on the march. Up through town we go, fifteen strong, with Jesus. "Who is Bill?" Well he is the lad who was *such a tough* when we came to this place first. In a couple of months he went away to another town, but the S. A. was there just the same. He got saved, came back home, and now sings, speaks and prays before his old chums. I believe they will soon follow Bill's example. Mr. Snowden is a soldier here—*a saved drunkard*. God has kept him the past three years, and he knows his Saviour will keep him to the end. I am sorry to say the devil lives in this nice little town, and has enlarged his borders to damn souls. Nevertheless, God is working on the hearts of many. Some have come to Jesus and are helping to save others. Only yesterday *a poor drunkard* came to Jesus; he has four children in the S. A. working for God. I saw him this morning, and the desire for drink had gone.—Capt. T. Williams.

A Half night of Prayer.

TORONTO V.—"Victory" is our motto. On Monday as we got home from the Camp we went in for victory. Tuesday night, a half night of prayer. Blessed times all the week. On Saturday night one backslider came back to the fold. Sunday, it was victory throughout the camp. The night meeting was powerful, for as one after another told what the Lord had done for them, sinners trembled on their seats, and at the close one backslider and two sinners came and got saved and testified to His power to save. This makes six souls for the week.—H. R. Brewer.

started in Canada, and every effort made to help those who needed it. It is just such work as this that makes the Salvation Army popular. If their bands do sometimes play out of tune, if they do use odd words, and wear flaming jerseys, what of that? Beneath the gaudy colors beat many honest hearts.

The Children's Shelter.

A home for children! Poor little orphans! There are hundreds of such. The drunken mother spends her time at the bar, and so inhuman has she become, that she thinks nothing of her dear little ones at home. They pine, and cry, and scream for food, help, and

A Mother's Love, and Find None.

Many of these poor little helpless parentless children die, and are taken to heaven out of the misery. The Commissioner means to do something for them, and to this end will establish a home where such little ones will be looked after, cared for and watched over.

• • •

The Missing and Enquiry Department.

Our friends will have noticed the Missing Column in the WAR CRY. In this form it has appeared for years, and many lost ones have, through its agency, been found and restored to their sorrowing loved ones. During the past few months, we have gone into this Enquiry work in a more detailed manner. We have received numbers of letters from England, through our Central Agency, enclosing information about certain people supposed to be in the Dominion. Armed with this information, we have written letters here and there, made enquiries into each case, and so far, great and good results have followed our efforts.

E—— T—— left his home in England twenty years ago. Came to Canada. For some years he wrote to his parents, but of late years grew careless, got drinking, etc. The information was sent to us. We inserted it in the CRY, and two or three weeks afterwards, T—— walked into our office, telling us he had seen the advertisement in the WAR CRY. He told

A Bitter Tale of Woe.

He had travelled through many of the States, had been a hard drinker. He knelt in the office and asked God to have mercy upon him. We conveyed this news to his brother in Australia, who longed to hear from him.

Henry H——, came from England to Canada—years ago. His friends had heard nothing of him for a long time. We inquired about him, and found that he had died in bed near Parry Sound. Thus we were enabled to convey this news to those who longed to know his whereabouts.

The above two cases will give our readers an idea of the kind of work carried on in this department. We are prepared to take up any cases; but those seeking lost ones must be careful to give every detail possible, so that we shall be able to work more successfully.

Any poor, lost, fallen girl, who needs help, will also be gladly assisted. The Enquiry Department will be a great boon to the country at large. It will be sort of a Hallelujah Free Gratis Detective Agency, worked by Army officers.

See the Annual Report for more information about this, one of the most important parts of the branch of the Social Wing. Our comrades and friends will make this widely known throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion.

• • •

Space forbids our going into this scheme more fully this week. It is enough to say that the Commissioner is determined to leave no stone unturned, to do all that lies in his power to help the helpless, to raise the fallen, take the prisoner by the hand, to rescue the children, and in short, to change the present

Terrible State and Condition

of the poor. To get people saved is one thing, and the main object of our lives, but we have heeded the cry of the hungry, we have seen the bitter end which follows in the train of those who spend their lives in sin. We know there are thousands out of employment, and we know the remedy. Get men saved, get their hearts and lives put right, and then *no good thing* will God withhold from them, but we must look after their bodies as well, and hence this great new departure of God's Salvation Army. While some talk and others plan about the great need of the poorer classes, the S. A. has bearded the lion in his den, and, with God on our side, these new schemes for the practical and perpetual benefit of mankind are being launched. Help we need, and money we must have to carry on this great work. All those who wish to lend a helping hand should send donations to Commissioner Adams, Social Reform Wing, War office, Albert St. Toronto. God speed this work of Rescue.

READ.

Cuttings Culled

—BY OUR—

CADET COLLEGIANS.

"I am glad the Lord has every little bit of my heart. He has been very good to give me the privilege of being a T. H. girl. I feel He has honored me in counting me worthy to be a worker for Him, that He may be glorified through me. I love the Home, every girl here, and our precious leaders. I feared to come, but I see now the devil through that fear kept me back from doing God's will, but he has been *defeated and I am here*, determined to spend all my time for Him, and I am glad that the ambition for a nice home and the desire to spend my time in it is gone."

• • •

"No defeat" means "victory." That's what we have been having!

While visiting lately we called at a place where we were shown into the parlor by the servant to await an interview with the mistress. We seated ourselves comfortably, the quiet surroundings bespeaking nothing of the approaching storm.

However, in a few minutes the lady entered and we were greeted with the question, "Who are you?" in no gentle tone. Of course we told her we were Salvationists. That was enough; the storm burst, and though we told her we hadn't come to preach Salvation Army but "Jesus Christ" we found it wise to retreat quite as fast as we had entered.

It was with trembling hands we lifted the next knocker, but praise God there we found someone who wanted Jesus, and with whom we had the privilege of praying. We left her in tears, truly penitent, but not fully in the light, because of unbelief.

• • •

The first man I asked one Saturday evening to buy a CRY was dumbfounded. He did not know the class of paper it was. After explaining to him, he bought one.

He must have been a stranger!

• • •

A certain woman told me never to come to her house again as she never bought one.

I guess it will be another cadet that will worry her next week.

• • •

A friend gave me five cents for a CRY but told me to give it to someone else as she "didn't want" it, but when I said "It's about the Rescue Work," she changed her mind and kept it for herself.

"Holiday season," says R.A.L., "is here, and everyone is trying to get all the pleasure possible. And who would say it is not right to get all the pleasure one can? There's only one life to enjoy—it is passing quickly and will soon be gone. But mark! Those who have Christ are getting all the pleasure they can out of this life, and have a sure hope for the life to come. Those who live without Him here are losing *the best part* of this life's pleasure and ALL of the life to come!"

• • •

The sun shines brightly down into the Yorkville Cadets' Lecture Room this morning reminding one of the Sun of Righteousness, which makes our soul glad, and makes us of some use to God for the Salvation of souls.

The sinners shrink from God and light, and we must follow them into the shade and darkness of sin and win them back to the shining paths of righteousness.

• • •

The Cadet in charge of Janesville says, "Two souls since last report and *more to follow* if we hold on a little longer. Our motto is, 'Never give in.'"

• • •

Cadet and I thought of the promise of God to use the "weak things to confound the mighty," when we set out together to do our first visiting. Very timid we were, but "wonderfully helped" was our testimony to His faithfulness, and although the doors were slammed "a few times," yet we found we were a blessing to some who treated us indifferently at first.

• • •

Lippincott T.H., Sept. 1st, 1890.

This morning while looking back over the past week, I can report victory in my own soul.

While out WAR CRY selling we came in contact with a man who, although deluded by the devil and going deep into sin day by day, told us he knew "we were doing good," and in order to help us sell them and help the "work" along, he bought the remainder of the CRYS, (six in number), and had us distribute them around to the men in the hotel. While doing so he urged them all to be sure and read them as it "would do them good."

Yesterday's meetings were good, and two souls sought forgiveness of their sins.

In the holiness meeting one man said, "Some peoples' testimonies are like a wornout sucker in a pump, every time they spoke it went 'squish, squish,' instead of being in proper trim all the time. Lord, keep me always in proper trim."

"We Don'ts" Hurled at T. H. Cadets.

WE DON'T need your visits, we have our clergymen.

WE DON'T want your WAR CRY, it speaks too much of hell.

WE DON'T believe in your methods.

WE DON'T encourage laziness.

WE DON'T believe anybody knows they are saved.

WE DON'T think it's right to make such a fuss about religion.

WE DON'T think such choruses as "The devil and me we can't agree" are proper.

WE DON'T believe in paying for Salvation; Christ says it's free.

WE DON'T want you to call here again.

WE DON'T believe in people telling others they are going to hell.

WE DON'T use anybody else's prayers, we have our own. Cadet "SAMUEL."

Two Glorified Babies.

From week to week we give the accounts of one or more of our brave comrades who have fought the fight gallantly and died triumphantly with sword in hand. Heaven must by this time be thickly populated by Salvationists, and still more are daily marching into the pearly gates.

While the old must die, the young *may*, and even little tiny children are not exempt from Death's call.

Not many weeks ago Capt. and Mrs. Webb received a charge from God in the form of a little babe to train for the War. God's ways are so mysterious; who can understand the deep things of God? Our comrades had been at the Home of Rest some time when the dear babe took sick, and notwithstanding all the human care lavished upon it, it died, and was transplanted to that place above the clear blue sky, into which the parents gaze, knowing that they will again fold to their arms the dear child who was thus plucked by God to adorn His presence above in Beulah Land.

• • •

While the above baby was suffering, the dear little four-months'-old lassie of Mr. Hamie and Mrs. Scott (formerly Capt. Millie Goodall) lay suffering in its mother's arms at Welland, being tenderly watched over by her loving parents.

Many anxious hours were spent in doing all that human power could to make the little sufferer strong, but God ordained it otherwise. It was a terrible wrench to the parents when one morning about 7 a.m. life left the frail little body, and God snatched it from earth to heaven.

The writer will not soon forget the scene around the little open grave. Small was the crowd which stood there. Major Holland stood at one end with bared head reading the service, while the rest of the company was made up of the grandfather, grandmother, the bereaved parents, their two sisters and the husband of the eldest of these sisters. As the little casket was lowered into the little grave amid the sobs of those who looked on, the grave-digger's heart must have been touched.

We feel sure that God will comfort and sustain the dear parents of these two glorified children, and we pray that we shall all so live, fight, and die, that in the end Heaven, and the "well done" will be our reward.

J.

CAMP FIRES AROUND SEAFORTH.

Our camp was held in a pretty grove handy to town. Major Philpott and Staff-Capt. McIntyre were the leading features. Oh yes, Mrs. Philpott too was there, and as the town paper says, she was the best speaker on the grounds. A good work was done in the hearts of believers.

The following are a few things I noticed during camp. Everything seemed quite comfortable, only a little cool. Good order was kept. Some straight talk, straight dealing, and the penitent-form full of seekers for full Salvation.

Ensign Magee, that large Junior's man, was not behind the times, but had a few Junior meetings as well. Interest stirred up for the Juniors' war.

Ensign Michiel soloed quite a lot. Altogether, there was a good time at the 32nd corps for a few days.

On Monday, Capt. Parker, of Exeter; and Lieut. Smith, Capt. and Mrs. Dyson from Goderich; Capt. Wells from Clinton; Dean from Stratford; Hay from Strathroy. Lieut. Stalgers was boss cook on the grounds, while our new Cadet Wisdom was assistant. Marches, open-airs, inside meetings, were all very good, and powerful, and everyone thought they were too short. Much lasting good was done. We pulled up stakes, and the camping party proceeded to Glenrae. Our prayers follow them. There is a greater desire for "holiness of heart in the corps," praise God. Sincerely yours, STUBBINGS.

HYPOCRISY

BY THE COMMISSIONER.

To have this terrible ... over one by unclean ... thought, or unclean heart ... indeed, and yet how tr... upon some folk they appear ... yet undone.

A famous painter painted ... stand a good way off and look ... suppose he was the most saintly ... earth, his hands upraised ... as if in the attitude of prayer ... tion; but on coming close up to ... ture.

The Scene was Changed

and it was found that he had ... in his hand, but a punch bowl ... spirits, with which he was squeezing ... lemon. Oh, how like the hypocrite ... Viewed from afar off, he appears ... the first-class character—full of ... zeal, full of goodness. But get close ... him, go and examine his character ... examine his life at his home, get his ... acter from the shop mates, or the ... of those who associate with him ... and day out.

Don't go and try to find out his ... position in the Church or Salvation ... He is polished up then to the ... age, palms off as a first-rate Chr... goes about and causes very little ... fact, he has so far

Carried His Deception On

that he has gained for himself the ... of many, and is selected in many cases ... to take an active part in the management ... of affairs generally. Go to his ... may be at his home—see how he conducts ... himself there.

What is his example in the presence ... his child? Has he supper ale, or does he ... out his pipe? He doesn't believe in ... ing in the street; or if he sees the min... or Captain coming along and he ... happen to have his pipe in his mouth ... pulls it out and crams it away into ... pocket. He feels condemned, but ... goes on.

Watch him, how he speaks when ... home. Impatient, naggy, and almost, ... not altogether, says something that breaks ... the law of God, and floods his soul with ... condemnation. He is guilty of exagge... tion. That is

Telling Polite Lies,

which a properly saved man feels are ... black and ugly as any lie that has damned ... a soul. He does this in small matters, ... he has so got accustomed to, that he feels ... very little uneasiness at his condition.

Do you know such an one? If so, ... hard to pull him out of this terrible ... and land him where no hypocrite walks ... "the highway of holiness."

Sad, sad, condition this. One person of ... this kind does God's Kingdom a great deal ... of harm. And when they are found out ... some poor soul that has been struggling ... for a safe path, looks at them and shrinks ... at the thought of finding more of the ... same kind, and falls from grace, and ... sinks, in some cases, never more to ...

May God enable each soul to ... lean on the "steady Rock," that Rock ... which can support and stay all who ... trust it. Don't let the devil creep ... and get you to do a mean thing ... no matter what it is. Scorn the very ... Be an out and out soldier of Jesus. Let ... the world and your friends see ... true-hearted disciple of Calvary. Shun ... everything that is not

Full of Heavenly Principle

Be a man at all costs. Never mind the ... less crowds. They seek you to be mixed ... up with them in their wrong. Turn your ... back on the world for ever. Settle your ... future, let it be full of righteousness ... true godliness, and let your actions and ... appearance speak. They speak louder ... than words.

Live a Christ-life down on earth and ... follow in the footprints of your Master ... all things. It is the easiest path after ... It brings with it real joy, which flows, ... flows in upon you, making the earth ... paradise, and filling every crevice of your ... life with untold blessings.

Ah yes! it is only the fully consecrated ... soul that knows the true raptures of ... heaven on earth, with its peace and comforts, which thrill one with deep gratitude ... to God for His purifying Grace, every ... moment we live.

Bless Him. "No good thing will He ... withhold from them that walk uprightly." ... "He giveth to all men liberally and ... braideth not"—is deeply interested ... in you. If you do not enjoy this condition ... seek it at once at the Saviour's feet.

More Rescue Homes needed in the Dominion. We must have them. Our fallen sisters must be saved.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

BY OUR INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

No. 14.

DEAR COMRADES,

... only on the Colonial escutcheon ... the "banner of Blood and Fire" ... now be inscribed the laconic, but ... ritting motto:—

"Advance Australia."

Has not the Legislative Council of Mel... (the marvellous) within the last ... weeks, given to the historian of the ... some of the most brilliant pages ... written, in which the S. A. figures ... prominently; it being declared by ... government the only efficient agency ... dealing with the unemployed. And ... Mr. Melville was vainly urging them ... commence some public building, etc., as ... works, a Mr. Zeal—happy and ... ... name—was passing around a ... scription list; and the President in ... ing the discussion, announced, amidst ... ause, that the members present had ... ted £404 16s. to be handed to the S. ... for distribution—the most tangible ... ence up to date of a government's con... ce in us, say you; and a timely inti... on too of their sympathy with the ... mployed.

... S. A. relief scheme's figures on 23rd ... ly stood as follows:—Names register... 460; clothed 240; work found for 723; ... ns 16,308.

... railway (government department) ... ts free passes for special cases; and ... eighbouring How Council had previ... y voted a subsidy.

... ne of our friends in the Council en... oured to explain our operations to the ... tful, and quite succeeded in convinc... them; thus leading up to an unani... , as well as general response. But, ... t to the skeptical they attempted to ... und our creed; Commissioner Coombs, ... was listening from the strangers ... ry, must have smiled somewhat. ... said it was "Fear God and honor the ... t," while another declared it to be a ... comprehensive and orthodox one.

... laide has followed the splendid ex... e of Melbourne and Brisbane, and an ... usiastic meeting started the Rescue ... Prison Gate work, with £200, and ... y tokens of sympathy. The Premier ... (Cockburn) and the Sheriff, both pro... g material assistance.

... thing succeeds like success, say you. ... would it not be better to quote Dr. ... e and, write, "Nothing succeeds like ... nization, the more complete, the bet... o long as you have plenty of enthu... ic life. Hallelujah! Now for the ... ialian

Soul Boom.

...six ...nths	11,219 adults 2,826 Juniors	14,045.

... is is almost as good as the great self... l effort's results in 1888, nearly half... uch-again as expected. Praise God ... , and again, and half-as-much-again ... d intended. In one division, as high ... erage as 81½ per corps was maintain... Australia will surely want a special ... g all to itself of "Orders and Regula... for Soldiers," if, as is confidently ... ipated, a fair proportion of these are ... enroled.

... Bishop of Chichester says, "the S. ... s the energy, the impetuosity—some... also of the rashness of youth; no ... stian-Church can afford to disregard or ... cate such an agency in the midst of ... Can we refuse to acknowledge them ... low-workers in the cause of Christ, ... not in our way? Let us beware of ... g at them with indifference, or con... , or dislike, lest haply we be found ... it against God."

... Birmingham *Daily Post* is no very ... friend; but, like many other power... gans, is now trying to creep in, and ... of the Labour Bureau and other ... reform matters:—"The scheme is of ... proportions, it will find work and ... work. It hopes to secure such an ... izing control over the large, floating ... of unskilled labor as to powerfully ... the marked rate of wages. It will ... o to ridicule the scheme, for it is cer... that as an organizer upon a ... al scale, General Booth has no equal ... o rival. When he attempts (what ... ave regarded as) an impossibility, ... more discredit to assail the result.

... re is a tinge of real, genuine sancti... udacity, in asking for and expecting ... t £10,000 for India, when everybody ... mathetically contemplating (with ... hing like a keen relish) the Self... l week.

£10,000 for India!
Do not the heathen call?
For them, oh won't you help us
We've given up our all.

£10,000 for missions,
Will make the devil smart;
£10,000 for India,
Will gladden every heart.

£10,000 for India—
Now ask what you should give;
You want its millions rescued,
And in God's love to live.

We can make £s go further, than some people can £100 in India—and the response should be prompt, as well as generous.

It appears from his autobiography in the *Christian Globe* last week, that Rev. James C. Huray, President of the Methodist New Connexion Conference was converted when about 15 years old, under the rousing revivalistic ministry of Rev. William Booth.

The *Daily Chronicle and Star* have just exceeded all their many previous expressions of good will in giving the utmost prominence to the General's scheme, also to some of the various duties dealt with in the Soldiers' Regulations, etc., etc.

One of our dear slum officers at Hoxton, has been nearly choked by a brute, who tried to steal her handkerchief from her neck.

WAR NOTES.

Page 1.—Colonel Cadman.

Page 9.—Social Reform.

Page 8.—Good Songs.

Page 16.—Coming Events.

Pages 1 to 16.—Good readable matter.

The Commandant's wedding.

I know the Canadian wing will be pleased to know about this and send him and his wife Salvation greetings.

Pray for the success of the Commissioner's tour in the East. The devil will fear and quake.

The account of the death of Capt. and Mrs. Webb's baby has been delayed, but will appear in this week's Cry all O. K. May God continue to abundantly bless and sustain the bereaved ones.

How glad I am to see an improvement in the number of Divisional reports. Good for you, ye D. O's!

Social Reform, Missing and Enquiry, Rescue work; Prison Gate Work, Creche, and other schemes for the alleviation of the suffering.

The air seems full of plans and schemes to practically help the fallen and save the outcasts. Our dear Commissioner gives the Devil very little rest.

Did you read the Competition List, this week, and note the NOTES thereon? I think there is a big change next week. Look out for it.

Read "Lively Pithy Tid bits," in this issue. They are good, and don't pass over the account of the Commissioner's visit to Hamilton.

"Why the Larrikins stayed away" is good. And did you see the little block of the D. O's in the Station Reports pages? Of course they are not A. 1. but they are there.

Major Spooner and H.O. Sharpe each had grand welcomes home in their respective Divisions, and I note that Major Jacobs has been flying around the East at a rare rate.

The Officer in charge of the Rescue Home Toronto, will always be glad to receive donations of food from any soldiers or friends.

They had a good time at the Rescue Home a few nights ago, on the occasion of the farewell of Capt. McKenzie, who has taken charge of the new Home at Stratford. God bless her labors!

The Montreal I. Band boys were rewarded the very first time they put on their new uniforms. Hallelujah! A man from one of the large ocean steamships was looking about for a church to get his Spiritual strength renewed. "For," said he, "I felt as dry as a cracker. I saw one of those girls with their 'red ribbons' and followed them and God has blessed me. I mean to do his will."

Our old veterans Capt. and Mrs. Freer are rejoicing at Sherbrooke over the arrival of a little lass. The Captain wishes his comrades to pray that they may have grace to train her up for the war.

I noticed an error in page 16 of last week. The appeal was for 1,000 people to take a Rescue Collecting Box each and not 100. Now send for one immediately.

In a recent Corps competition List the Halifax District was credited with 0 reports. This was wrong, as there were three inserted in that Cry for the above All right. Alec.

Editor Gruuling of the New Zealand Cry, has taken to himself a wife, and we must hasten to congratulate him. Surely, the War Cry men are going off one by one. Now, ye other single Editors.

War Scribe.

The Prison Gate Brigade Work among the discharged prisoners. Help it all you can.

To All Officers, J.S. Local Officers and Soldiers.

MY DEAR COMRADES,—

As you will have seen by the "War Cry," I have been appointed Private Secretary to the Commissioner, and my place as leader of the J. S. War has been taken by Staff-Capt. Bennett, late of Scotland.

I wish from my heart to thank you and all others who have helped me in my great task during the past year. The difficulties were enormous, and all over there was the feeling that our work was doomed to fail. Obstacles were placed in our way by parents who were unwilling in some cases to let their children attend a J. S. meeting, and in other cases by parents who positively commanded their children not to get saved. Others who were willing for them to become Junior Soldiers in the S.A. Yet in the face of these and many other great difficulties we have to-day 150 Sergeants who are working hard for the children's salvation. Over 300 meetings are held weekly, 600 children have been ENROLLED as Junior Soldiers, and our J. S. War is started in ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY places.

Of course, there are many things that need improving, and there are many points that need strengthening, and much needs doing before our work is thoroughly organized even where it has been begun, and I was looking forward to see the next year's work bring forth mighty fruits to the glory of God. It is a great trial to me to lay down my work at this period, but I am gladdened by the sincere trust that I have laid a foundation and cleared a way for my successor that will, by the grace of God, enable him to build a Junior Soldiers' War in this Dominion that will be a triumphant success.

Of my successor I would like to say a word. I know him well, and can vouch for his goodness, loyalty and capability as a Junior leader. I firmly believe that he is the best man that could be chosen for this great work. I am sure you will give him a real Canadian welcome, and give him all the help you can for Jesus' sake and for the work's sake. I have not altered in my feelings toward the J. S. War; I regard it still as the most important work that the S. A. has undertaken, *and the future of the Salvation Army depends on its success.*

I am in for the salvation of the children as much as ever—my office is changed, my heart is not—I have always been and *always shall be* the friend of the children. Every victory won by my successor will bring joy to my heart, and in every trial and difficulty he shall have my support. Take him to your heart, love him and help him, and God will reward you for it.

With most affectionate regards to you and praying for your success in the War. Yours ever in him.

T. LUTOTTROX, Major.

AUXILIARY NOTES.

Auxiliary—As we wrote that word, to us so familiar, we stopped for a moment to think of its meaning, a helper. Satan has been enthroned in too many hearts occupying the place that Christ should fill, sin has blighted so many lives that otherwise would have been bright and useful; and thus our beautiful world is filled with sorrow and the broken hearted ones cry out to us for help. Shall we refuse to listen to their entreaties? No, never; but let us, who have learned to lay our every burden at the feet of the Great Burden-Bearer, present them to a Saviour, who not only

"Breaks the power of cancelled sin,
And sets the prisoner free;"

but, who is willing to share their every trial, and who invites each one of us to cast all our care upon Him. Sometimes however, those whom we seek to reach are so surrounded by evil influences, that the first step towards a new life, often seems the providing of a home for them, where, instead of having God's name blasphemed, they shall listen to His praises sung by those, who were once enslaved by sin, but who, through the power of God have become "New creatures in Christ Jesus."

In order to meet such cases we have our Rescue and Prison Gate Homes, where Christ is held up to all those who chose to leave their sins and lead new lives, as the only one who can destroy old appetites and give constant victory over temptation.

In this selfish world of ours the Saviour's command to forgive even until "Seventy times seven," finds so little place, that as a rule, when once a man has served a term in prison, (even though for a very trifling offence) he is branded as one, who is to be shunned, and to whom all doors of honorable employment are to be closed; and thus, he is often by force of circumstances led further and further into sin. But how different will be the result, if, when the time for freedom arrives, someone with their heart full of Christian love, meets the discharged prisoner, and providing him with a home and employment, offers him a new start in life. This we proposed to do through our Prison Gate Brigade and Home; knowing that "God shall supply all our needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." And we believe that in this Home many a poor wanderer will be born into Christ's Kingdom and shall go forth to rescue others, and now we ask you dear friends to become Auxiliaries, helpers in this God given work. His riches have been liberally bestowed upon you, will you not place them entirely at His disposal?

• • •

The past week has been one of success and blessing, and we have had the joy of adding new members to our list.

Although we had prayed earnestly for fresh acquisitions to our ranks, yet, believing that "Faith if it hath not works is dead being alone," we made a number of Auxiliary visits. The Lord abundantly blessed our efforts. And through the Cross, for it sometimes is a cross, (as the devil is ever ready with his discouraging suggestions) we have been led to realize our own weakness, and to look more constantly to Christ as the source of our strength.

"Nearer my God to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a Cross
That raiseth me."

No matter how heavy the cross, how great the trial yet, if through it we are led into close communion with our beloved Lord; let us gladly accept anything which accomplishes so blessed a result.

• • •

How quickly time flies. Again September is here, and in a few days we will be celebrating our 8th Anniversary.

With what thankfulness do we look back at these 8 years of victory, and as we behold "how great a matter a little fire has kindled; we are led to ask what shall the future be?" Far far brighter and grander, and thousands upon thousands of precious souls shall be won for Christ.

We heartily invite all our Auxiliaries and friends to these meetings also to our little "A" room where we hope to have the pleasure of welcoming many new members into our League.

Yours in His service.

E. A. M.

What Can You Do?

The Devil's Sneer — Keep Your Eye on Your Note Book— Be Natural, Accurate, And Precise.

How often these words have been drummed into our ears by that persevering energetic and deceitful old monster—THE DEVIL.

Time after time some of us must have felt a desire to be doing something for God, yet the devil comes along with the old cry—not the WAR CRY, oh! no, he hides that far, far away—but the old cry that he keeps everlasting sneering at us, viz.—*What can you do?*

Did you ever try to write for the WAR CRY? No. Well then I'll tell you how to begin. Don't say you can't do it, I believe you can. First of all get a piece of lead pencil, also a small note book—if not a note book, get a piece of scrap paper that came round the groceries last week, or the piece in which the dry goods man wrapped the last pair of socks you bought. These secured, smooth the latter out nicely, fold it conveniently and place in your pocket ready for business.

Hello! what's this? Here I've gone and eaten nearly a whole piece of dry bread, forgetting to put the butter on. Such was the writer's experience a little while back, after coming from a Sunday afternoon meeting where we had a real good time, finishing up with singing—"Joy, joy, joy, with joy I'm running over."

I hummed that chorus to myself all the way home with the above result and

At Once Jotted It Down

as an incident well worth recording.

Always keep your pencil and paper handy. If you are working with your coat off, keep it in your pant's pocket. If you come across an incident or thought that strikes home a lesson, jot it down.

You will afterwards discover that a good half of the task is then accomplished.

When you have a little leisure time, just fix it up a bit and try to make it as striking as possible and then re-write it, and above all be natural, accurate, and precise, and the whole business is finished.

Just you have a try. After you have once succeeded it will come easier every time.

S.B.W.S.

Are you seeking for lost or missing friends? Then send particulars to the Social Reform Department, War Office. We will try and find them.

Missing & Enquiry

SPECIAL NOTICE TO ALL.—*We are glad to be able to tell our officers, soldiers, and friends, that the Lord has helped us wonderfully in this Special Department. Many who have advertised for their missing friends have found them, through our efforts, and we want the hearty co-operation of all in this matter. Don't fail to let us know immediately news has been obtained of a lost friend through the Cry, as we keep a register of each person, inserted at the War office.*

Don't fail to read the following hints in connection with this Department:—

1. All letters and envelopes should be marked E. and addressed to the Commissioner.

2. State plainly if all particulars pertaining to the missing ones are to be inserted in the "Cry."

3. We deal with private cases, that is those friends who would rather that the particulars about their lost ones should be kept out of the "Cry," we will do so, and work up the case direct from this Department. Make special note of this.

4. In writing, give as much information and as many particulars as possible about the missing one.

5. Write names of the persons very plainly and legible, also names of towns, counties, countries, etc. This is very important indeed, as often many mistakes are made through bad writing.

6. Each missing case will have two insertions in the "Cry" *free of charge*, the figures at the end of each showing the date of the "Cry" it appeared in.

7. Whenever a lost friend is found, let the Commissioner know immediately, so that we can keep up a correct register.

We are very anxious to get some clue or information as to the whereabouts of the following people:—

*GEORGE GAMMIDGE, who used to be in a Home in England, and was sent to Canada. Supposed to be in Ontario. 13,9,'90.

*JAMES GIRLING, who came to Canada from England in 1872; *ABEL WHITE, who came out from England nine years ago, and worked on the C. P. R. near Guelph. *EDWARD FULLER, who left Askham, Lancashire, and came to Canada ten years ago. 13,9,'90.

*HARRY H. SMITH, or S. W., left England nine years ago. JAMES COLVIN, a blacksmith, who moved from Grand Rapids to Dakota five years ago. ANN JANE BREESE, who used to live in Smithville, Ont. ANNIE CAMPBELL, or EPPS, formerly of Dr. Bernado's home. Came to Canada nine years ago. JOHNSON GRAHAM, an ex-officer of California. 13,9,'90.

MR. WHITFIELD wanted by Mr. Peatling. MRS. FENNIMORE is wanted; HENRY CHARLES SCHARDON, supposed to be around Berlin, Ont; *JONATHAN THOMAS, supposed to be in Toronto; *RICHARD GUEST, who left New York in 1887. 13,9,'90.

*JAMES McCRACKEN, formerly of Dalbeattie Scotland; *EDWIN THORNE, or PUTSICK, a stonemason; *ANN BRYSON, supposed to be in Toronto; *MRS. SARAH LEWIS, came out from England per S. S. *Warwick*, in June 1881; *THEOPHOLIS ROPER, who was a soldier in one of the Toronto corps; *MARY JANE ANDERSON, supposed to be at Addison, Ont.; *WILLIAM DERRY WARK, was in Winnipeg not long ago; GEORGE WAY, supposed to be in Woodstock, Ont.; MR. NIDD, who had relations in Plymouth, Eng.; ANNIE NEWTON, formerly of Winnipeg, is wanted; FRANK JAMES, your mother wants you at Exeter, Eng.; MRS. MATILDA NELSON, of St. Louis, is she alive? ANNIE McGAVERN, who left Montreal a year ago; JAMES A. YOUNG, who left Philadelphia about August, 1853. 13,9,'90.

Information wanted of RICHARD MURRELL, who left Blaina, Ireland, about thirty years ago. Last heard of about twenty-four years ago, when he was going to Toronto. Any one knowing anything of him will kindly communicate with Staff-Capt. J. Read, Editor, WAR CRY, Salvation Temple, Toronto. 13,9,'90.

PATRICK GLOUSTER, aged 40, left home three years ago, was last heard of in Boston about a year ago. His mother is here in Moncton, and is left alone, and wishes him to come home to take care of her. American CRYS please copy. 13,9,'90.

Information wanted of ELLEN J. DUNNE, who left County Leitrim, Ireland, fourteen years ago, when she was living with a Mrs. Rogers, who kept a large store in Peterborough. Any one knowing of her whereabouts, will kindly communicate with Staff-Capt. J. Read, Editor, WAR CRY, Salvation Temple, Toronto. 13,9,'90.

WILLIAM SCOTT, left Niagara Falls June 3, '90, for Montana, B.C., a young man 19 years of age, dark complexion. If this should meet him, or anyone knowing his whereabouts, will they please write, his friends would like to hear from him. Address Mrs. R. M. Carter, Niagara Falls, Ont. American CRY please copy. 13,9,'90.

Information wanted respecting the whereabouts, of WILLIAM LATIMER a native of Durham, England. Last heard of on May 22nd, 1885, at Suakim, Soudan, Egypt, on board the S. S. *Rowen*, No. 87, military transport. If this should meet his eye, or any one knowing his whereabouts, would they please write to Editor, WAR CRY, Toronto. 13,9,'90.

Information wanted of the whereabouts of MISS SUSAN HASTINGS, late of Lingdale Lane, near Guysboro, Yorkshire, England. Last heard of in April, 1885. Your Brother Reuben Kirk would like to hear of your whereabouts. Please write to Staff-Capt. Read, Salvation Temple, Toronto, Canada. 13,9,'90.

Information wanted of a young man, FREDERICK CHARLES LOCKHART, age 25, Scotch. He was last heard of from Lincoln Centre, Main, U. S. Should he see this, or any one who has seen or heard of him for the past two years—the Army friends especially—kindly write to the undersigned, who is acting for an anxious mother. Any clue as to his being living, or dead, will be anxiously looked for. Address James R. Dick, Boy's Home, Montreal. 13,9,'90.

JOSEPH ALONZO WESSELS. Anybody knowing his whereabouts, please communicate with his daughter, Mrs. Henry Wicks, Norland, Ont. When last heard of, he left Moor's Falls about the first of this year. United States CRYS please copy. 13,9,'90.

RICHARD WHIDDEN, formerly of Onslow, N. S. When last heard from, about nine years ago, was in New York. His sister, Lavinia, would like to hear from him. Address R. L. McNeill, Oxford, N. S. American "Crys" please copy. 13,9,'90.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of MRS. SIMON ROBERT ARMSTRONG, supposed to be in or about Bond Head or Bradford, Ont. Please communicate with officer in charge, Salvation Army, Milton, Ont. 13,9,'90.

EDWARD DOWEL, who left his home in Whitechapel 18 years ago; was sent to Middlesex school—after two years, came to Canada. If this should meet the eyes of his parents, or anyone knowing their whereabouts, write to Ed. Dowel, etc., to Capt., S. A. Cowansville P. O. Ont. 13,9,'90.

J. Mc. N. would like to hear from any of the friends of ZIBA GIBBS and SARAH BROWN, of Lunenburg, who left Nova Scotia in the year 1842. Please communicate with Capt. Yuddhisthira, (Wood) Editor, "War Cry," Salvation Army, Bombay, India. 13,9,'90.

JAMES A. YOUNG left his parents and his home in Philadelphia on or about August, 1853. Born in Montrose, Scotland. About 14 years old when he left his parents, who are both alive. He has been seen in California three different times within the last 10 years. Supposed to be either in California, or Pennsylvania. News wanted of him, either alive or dead. All information to be sent to Angelina Cronan, Lefroy, Ontario, or to Mr. John Smiley, tailor, corner of Farley Avenue and Tecumseh Street, Toronto, Ontario. 13,9,'90.

Front-Bench Turtles.

Whoever has been to Salvation Army meetings knoweth the front-bench turtle.

The F. B. T. scrambleth quickly to his perch; fearful of having his claim jumped.

The F B.T. is seldom or never heard or seen in the open-air or march.

The F.B.T. does not believe in the saying, "Friend, come up higher," because he is as high as he can get.

Sometimes the F.B.T. thinks he is handsome. Sometimes he thinks intellect does it, with an acreage of cheek.

There is likewise the F. B. T. Demosthenes, who is only seen on Sunday night, with an oration carefully rigged up all the week, about the beautiful blue sky, friends; and the little birds, friends; and the green fields, and all that.

When the F. B.T. thinks he can sing a solo, oh!—please draw the curtain.

Sometimes the F.B.T. can do nothing but show a mahogany visage, or one like a pair of nut-crackers.

If the F.B.T. cannot ring in his speech, he threatens to take a back seat, but unfortunately doesn't.

The F.B.T. thinks there is peculiar virtue in his "Hay-men!"

By these signs, or others, shalt thou know the F.B.T., and we want him sent to grass, or turned on his back on the seashore, when the turtles cannot move.

TIT-BITS FOR ALL CLASSES

This is a letter from a hard station: "Nobody comes to knee drill here, but cadet and I are not going to be cheated out of a blessing, so we have knee drill anyway, and God blesses us wonderfully. Hallelujah!"

* * *

We must not forget that there are almost as many led to Christ through our songs, as through our talking.

* * *

Teach your congregation some new song each week. There is quite a number of splendid Holy Ghost songs in our own song book that are hardly ever sung, and never will be, until you teach your soldiers and the crowd how to sing them.

* * *

One of the greatest powers God has given us as Salvationists to attract and hold the crowds, is music. Without singing, our meetings are almost sure to become dead and unattractive.

People can go to church to hear sermons and look at one another's fine clothes, but they can come to the Salvation Army for life, spirit, and singing.

* * *

Am I saved? Am I sure of it? Am I doing as much for God and dying souls as I might be? If not, why not? Surely if God so loved me as to give His dearest Treasure to live, suffer, and die for me, I ought to be up and doing something in return for Him.

* * *

"Put out the hand of faith and say, Lord, I am Thine, therefore, any attack on me is made on Thee, and Thou both canst and wilt protect Thine interests. I do believe! You must not let me down: You won't let me down!"—*Commandant Herbert Booth.*

* * *

If we can but get the people to sing, and sing well, then we can do almost anything with them. No body of people in the world have such opportunities for this as Salvationists. With our new songs in the WAR CRY, weekly, our "Musical Salvationist," monthly, and in nearly every corps an original song writer, we ought to be able to do a great deal more than we do in this line.

* * *

Drinks Himself to Death.

The first casualty of Glasgow Fair, which began on Thursday, is reported yesterday. At 8 yesterday morning the proprietor of a Cambridge Street public-house, on opening his premises, found inside the dead body of a man named Greigg, 22 years of age, who had drunk himself to death during the night. He had, unknown to the proprietor, concealed himself in the premises last night.—*A Glasgow Paper.*

* * *

The Minister Weeps.

I heard some time ago of a minister who was called to a new church, and the people, instead of putting flowers on the pulpit, had made a background of white carnation pinks, and in bright scarlet carnations they had written, "Sir, we would see Jesus." And as he walked up the pulpit stairs for the first time the words burned into his soul. He was a young man and felt that he was called and prepared to do the work, but the words, "We would see Jesus," smote him; he could see nothing else. He stood before his people and cried like a child. He said to them, "You want to see Jesus. Well, I will try and seek for a view of Him, and then you will see Him." And his ministry was abundantly blessed.—*Christian Observer.*

* * *

Those Little Devils.

Commissioner Smith, in speaking to a saved dosser, found out he had been brought up to be a thief. Even when a little boy he was put through the most unlikely places in a house—places that were too small for the men to get through, and the boy would open the door for the men, who would come in and ransack the place.

He applied this very forcibly to his congregation—how particular some of them were about keeping big devils out, but they were all excuses about the little devils, consequently they bolted and barred the door against the big devils, but left some little trapdoors or windows open through, which the little devils got through and opened the doors for the big ones.

* * *

We Arrested Him.

He had been taken prisoner on the march and brought along to the barracks. He was in drink at the time and during the progress of the meeting the leader of the meeting observed him making his escape. "Stop that man!" he cried out, but he disappeared. The captain rushed to the door after him, and found that Mr. Policeman was about to take him into custody for being drunk. "Oh, no," answered the captain, "He is our prisoner, and we are going to get him saved." and seizing him he marched him round by the side door, brought him inside again and seated him on one of the front seats, where he attentively sat until the prayer meeting, when he rushed forward, knelt down and cried for mercy. He afterwards acknowledged that God had not only sobered him, but had forgiven him, and by His help he would never drink again.

This man's comrade, who also entered the hall intoxicated, said his mate and he were drinking at the hotel together; he had brought him one on hearing the band, and had it not been for the Army, no doubt, they both would have been in the police station that night.—*New Zealand Cry.*

Where was It? or, The History of a Week.

MONDAY.

Inside the Barracks; by one corner of the platform are six men—the rest are gone home, as the meeting is over—they are the Captain, the Lieutenant, a Sergeant, a bandsman, and two converts about a week old.

What are they talking so earnestly about?

Why, listen!

Captain: "Now here is a promise, 'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask it shall be done for them of My Father,' and if that promise is true, who is agreed to believe, and ask for souls every day this week? Those who do agree kneel down."

All kneel down.

Hark! What are they doing? Is that prayer?

Yes, they are at it in real earnest. Now we will just see if they get what they have prayed for.

TUESDAY.

They have been praying away all day, and another two men, a bandsman and the Secretary have joined in the covenant; they started the meeting, prayed, believed, and held on to God. Isaiah liii, was read, and in the middle of the fifth verse came a dead stop. "And," says the reader, "it's time to stop; look at Him—behold Him!"

The reading over, the first speaker stopped in the middle of his address, and whilst waiting the stillness was only broken by the breathings of prayer from earnest Soldiers. The Holy Ghost fell upon us, and scarcely had the second speaker finished, at about a quarter to nine when all bowed in silent prayer. Conviction seized the people; none came forward, but a young man, much debased by sin and folly, holding his head in his hand, is noticed, and a praying ring is formed round him, till at length he cries for mercy as he sits, and a broken and contrite heart was not despised, making two for Tuesday.

WEDNESDAY.

It has been a powerful meeting, and whilst prayer goes up to Heaven there sits a man who has been a desperate character at the far end of the barracks. He drops down where he is and cries for mercy. The ring of the fire (praying force) forms round him, and soon he thanks God for deliverance, gets up,

Pulls Out a Dirty Pipe

from his pocket, smashes that, and takes a quid of tobacco from his mouth—thus getting rid of all that is unclean from heart, mouth, and pocket.

THURSDAY

finds the praying brigade hard at work. (Do you belong to the praying brigade?) They stick to their knees for nearly an hour and a half, and, after all, four broken hearts are healed up by the Great Physician. Glory!

FRIDAY.

This is the Holiness Meeting. Now is the time to try their faith. Says one, "Do you expect sinners to be converted in the Holiness Meeting," and faith said, "Certainly." It was a good meeting. One brother wanted more holiness, but nobody came out for pardon. The meeting was closed, and arrangements being made for an outside bombardment, when at the door we met a young woman with a tremendous burden. Down we all go, and she knelt on the doorstep, and the devils were cast out at the door.

SATURDAY.

Before the meeting was half over, four drunkards, one a woman, were on their knees at the penitent-form, and for some time the Free-and-Easy was turned into an engagement with Heaven. Elijah's God answered prayer. Glory Hallelujah!

SUNDAY.

The power of God was wonderfully manifest all day. A great many more drunkards were present in the afternoon, and one came to the form saying he wanted forgiveness, and at night six fell; one stopped to leave, but God and a sergeant stopped him, and he fell by the door; a ring was round him in a moment, praying and believing him into the Fountain.

A.H.

War Cry AND YOUNG SOLDIER Competition List.

FOR NUMBER ISSUED SEPT. 13th, 1890.

WAR CRY TEXT:—"What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."—Mark XIII. 27.

The Renowned Champions.

Winnipeg	Capt.	Rennie	600
Victoria, B. C.	"	Aitkenhead	590
St. John I	"	Brooks	450
Brandon	"	Frith	415
Montreal I	"	Clarke	400
Peterboro'	"	Jones	400

The Gallant 300's.

Halifax I	Capt.	Irvine	380
London	"	R. Mutton	375
Vancouver	"	Will	375
Woodstock, Ont.	"	Ilett	370
Ottawa	"	Elliott	360
Fredericton	"	C. McLean	350
Hamilton I	"	G. Miller	350
New Westminster	"	McIntyre	325
Nanaimo	"	Coulter	320
Yarmouth	"	Holman	320
Kingston	"	Howell	320

The Plucky 200's.

Guelph	Capt.	McPherson	275
Halifax II	"	Allen	255
Brantford	"	Wadds	250
Windsor, N.S.	"	Connett	250
Chatham, Ont.	"	McNamara	250
Toronto I	"	J. Addie	250
" V	"	Houston	240
Bowmanville	"	Coombs	240
St. John V	"	E. Allen	240
Portage la Prairie	"	Ham	230
Toronto II	"	Creighton	225
Charlottetown	"	Jewer	220
Toronto III	"	Bach	210
Toronto VI	"	Gale	210
Stratford	"	Armstrong	210
New Glasgow, NS	"	A. McLean	200
Picton	"	Deas	200
Oshawa	"	Miller	200
St. Catharines	"	Frazer	200
Windsor, Ont.	"	Scarr	200
Ingersoll	"	W. Andrews	200

The Rising 100's.

Barrie	Capt.	Deason	190
Amherst	"	Des Briseny	190
Spring Hill Mines	"	J. F. McLean	185
Chatham, N.B.	"	Kimble	180
St. John II	"	Creighton	180
St. Stephens	"	Wright	180
St. Thomas	"	——	180
Goderich	"	Dyson	170
Liverpool	"	Larder	165
Morrisburg	"	Payne	160
Cornwall	"	Viner	160
Cobourg	"	Cook	160
Moncton	"	Hunter	160
Calgary	"	Hilts	160
Owen Sound	"	——	155
Lindsay	"	Rowan	150
Niagara Falls	"	——	150
Toronto IV	"	Stephens	150
Orillia	"	Robinson	145
Port Hope	"	White	140
Seaforth	"	E. Andrews	140
Lachute	"	Perkins	140
Carleton	"	Boyer	140
Westville	"	Clarke	140
Toronto XI	"	Cragg	135
Toronto XII	"	Walker	130
Woodstock, N.B.	"	Hughes	130
Lippincott T. H.	Staff-Capt.	Banks	130
Toronto VIII	Capt.	M. A. Smith	130
Galt	"	Boulter	130
Sarnia	"	Wiggins	130
Belleville	"	Alf. Armstrong	130
Parry Sound	"	Crosby	130
N. Sydney	"	Halfyard	130
Parrsboro'	"	A. M. Boggs	130
Digby	"	White	130
Chesterville	"	Hubbard	130
Brampton	"	Warder	125
Essex Centre	"	Pepper	125
Toronto VII	"	F. Gerow	125
Gananoque	"	Cook	120
Pembroke	"	Lindsay	120
Truro	"	Knight	120
Annapolis	"	Raynor	120
Bear River	"	G. Gardiner	120
Maxville	"	Booth	120
Listowel	"	Trott	120
Morden	"	Harris	120
Palmerston	"	New	115
Fairville	"	Bissett	115
Prescott	Lieut.	C. Moses	110
Neepawa	Capt.	Iverach	110
Moose Jaw	"	Isaacson	110
Dartmouth	"	March	110
Petrolia	"	Maltby	110
Wingham	"	Smith	110
Ridgetown	"	Hoag	110
Quebec II	"	Goodwin	110
Bedford	"	Tovill	110
Hamilton II	"	Woodall	105
Simcoe	"	Pink	105
Summerside	"	Fradsham	100
Wallaceburg	"	M. Cowan	100
Carberry	Lieut.	Gooding	100
Yorkville T. H.	Adjutant	Taylor	100
Kamloops	Capt.	Ashton	100
Clinton	"	Wells	100
Shelburne	"	Hendricks	100
Coaticooke	"	McKeen	100

The Plodders.

Toronto XIII	95
Uxbridge	95
Whitby	95
Tilbury	95
Kemptville	95
Oxford	95
Paris	95
Strathroy	90
Dresden	90
Newcastle	90
Sackville	90
Berlin	90
Norwich	90
Deseronto	90
Huntsville	90
Richmond	90
North Sydney	90
Bridgetown	90
Brockville	85
Lakefield	85
Millbrook	85
Port Perry	85
Blenheim	85
Leamington	85
Omemee	85
Campbellford	85
Bracebridge	85
Sherbrooke	80
Forest	80
Toronto X	80
Mitchell	80
Watford	80
Comber	80
Dutton	80
Kingsville	80
Bothwell	80
Amherstburg	80
Picton	80
Napanee	80
Cobden	80
Kentville	80
Campbellton	80
North Head	80
St. Andrews	80
St. George	85
Avonmore	75
Dundas	75
Tilsonburg	75
Parkhill	75
St. Marys	75
Wheatley	75
Tweed	75
Emerson	75
Hillsboro	75
St. John III	75

NOTES.

Again I would warn all those who find mistakes in the Competition List not to write to "Pry," but to the Commissioner.

* * *

Will our officers please remember this, as I cannot raise or lower any order. Again, take note, that the Trade Department attends to this. All correspondence to be addressed to the Commissioner.

* * *

The "War Cry" text this week is a good one. I believe if our comrades *watched* the List more, weekly, and *watched* the position of their respective stations, there would be an alteration for the better. Watch!

Notes for the "Renowned."

To have an *aching head* is bad, but to have an *Aitkenhead* Captain who is determined to head the poll and beat the record is much better. I should advise Capt. Rennie to watch Victoria's, Captain, for after all a hundred is not such a vast number.

* * *

I hear rumours of great times at St. John. They tell me the crowds keep up, the interest is good, things are booming. Then, Jim, why not push ahead with the Army literature? Surely the Atlantic station should down the Pacific corps. Let there be a little holy rivalry here, for the Kingdom's sake.

* * *

Capt. Frith, I don't like that 15 at the end of your order; somehow it looks out of square; can you not make the fifteen fifty? Then St. John I, would look small, and feel small, too. Now, ye Brandonites, increase your order another 50, and then Canada's Salvation Soldiery will have their eyes upon you.

* * *

Now, Capt. Clarke, what about Montreal? Doubtless by this time you will have taken your hearings and you know how things stand on the "War Cry" line. Could you not send the Commissioner an order for another 100 and thus put Montreal third on the List? There is a great difference between the size of Montreal and Victoria.

* * *

Peterboro' seems to be stationary at 400. This is quite a nice town; it contains a good population with lots of Army friends, a good corps, divisional headquarters, etc. I think, Major Spooner, you could do another 50 with ease. Ensign Logan, could you not get away with an additional 50 Y.S.? This would be just the ticket. Then Capt. Brooks would—oh? Come along, Peterboro.

* * *

Now let there be an all round stir-up among the "Renowned" ones, so that there may be a renowned rise ere long.

Read the "Gallant" Notes.

Capt. Irvine still leads off at 380. Surely either Captain Mutton or Capt. Will can make a move. It is only a matter of 10. And then Woodstock, Ont., will yet overtake Halifax I. And what can I say of Ottawa? Capt. Elliott will see to this. I know the Imperial City will rise up.

* * *

Halifax I., London, Vancouver, B. C., Woodstock, Ont., Ottawa! Oh, for a hallelujah bombshell to drop among those five stations; then what a surprise there would be. The recently united happy couple at Fredericton will surely put their station away up to 400. Then London and Halifax would fall into the shade. This can be done, Charlie. Shall it be?

* * *

Gideon Miller has taken the reins at Hamilton I., and I see that Fredericton apparently bids defiance to the Ambitious City. Now, Gideon, I notice that New Westminster is near you, and from what I learn these western cities are booming the CRY in good style. Now, D. O. Grayson, push your corps ahead. Nanaimo is a small place, but, with a little push, could take the place of Halifax.

* * *

Three stations at 320. How long shall these things be? *How-well* that *Hol-man* could get ahead of Coulter if she only tried. Surely there must be a move at Kingston ere long. I don't see why the Limestone City should be the last of the GALLANTS. I know Capt. Tom has some push in him, and will see to Kingston's laurels. I think that with effort all the GALLANTS could become CHAMPIONS. Oh, yes! oh, yes!

* * *

Now, a word to ye, GALLANTS. Don't get weary in well-doing. *Watch* the List, *Watch* your opportunities, and go ahead full speed.

Notes for the "Plucky Ones."

The Royal City of Guelph still heads the PLUCKY List, but I am confident that with some push Capt. Allen of Halifax II. could take its place and thus dethrone the Royalites. It is surprising to me that so many stations are level with each other, and yet they apparently make very little effort to better their condition.

* * *

For instance, Brantford, Windsor, N. S., Chatham, Ont., and Toronto I. are all taking 250 each. Perhaps Capt. Connett could alter this, or say, Capt. Jack Addie of the Renowned No. 1 could step into the GALLANTS. This would alter things wonderfully. Capt. McNamara has just arrived to take charge of Chatham, Ont. Now, Mac., the winter is coming on; I know the Chathamites buy the "War Cry;" could you not order another 50? Mrs. Dunkley could get rid of another 50 Y. S. Try.

* * *

Toronto V., what about ordering another 25 CRYS? Tommy Coombs, just a word; surely you could make Bowmanville GALLANT by ordering another 60. The number is not many among such a crowd of soldiers. I know you will do this, Tom. St. John V. must be on the watch-tower or little Portage will run by them. Lippincott, with its brave Lancers, should no longer remain a PLUCKY but gallantly rise into the GALLANTS. Watch! Watch! Watch!

* * *

Charlottetown ought to take another step or two up the List. Capt. Jewer has been sick. Doubtless now that he is better the sale of the CRY will go ahead. Welcome to Toronto Capt. Bach. Let one of your first strokes at the devil be an increased order for "War Crys" and "Y.S." They tell me, too, that Johnny Gale is rushing things at the Temple. I hope he'll rush the CRY. Now, Johnny, 210 is not enough for the Temple. Oh, no.

* * *

The interest of the Stratford people will be aroused and increased by the new Rescue Home opened there. I think this should cause an increase in the sale of the "War Cry," and new Glasgow could surely make its 200 into 250. The following stations are level: New Glasgow, Picton, Oshawa, St. Catharines, Windsor, Ont., and Ingersoll. Of the latter place I hear great things as to increases. Next week will reveal facts.

* * *

Oh, yes, I forgot. Mrs. Frazer, of St. Catharines, has been very successful in selling CRYS in saloons, hotels, and barrooms. You may have seen a report of it last week. Surely this station must go ahead with such bold officers leading on. I am rather surprised that Windsor, Ont., fails to increase its order. Now, Capt. Scarr, can't you *scare* the devil by raising your order? I believe you could. God will help you in this matter, and the CRY shall boom.

Notes for the Risers and Plodders.

"Barrie is the leading Riser,
Dovercourt the leading Plodder,
Amherst is a tie with Barrie,
Rising Spring Hill should not tarrie."

* * *

I read in a certain W. C. Report that Capt. Kimble recently waxed eloquent in addressing Juniors. Now, captain, could you not order another 30 Y.S. and thus rise up among the PLUCKY ones? I believe you will. Chatham, N.B., shall go ahead. St. Stephens should take the place of Barrie, or say Ingersoll. Capt. Wright, is not that right? Now, then. Those three saints, John, Thomas, and Stephens are all level. Get a move on ye, boys.

* * *

Goderich is the only station in Canada ordering 170. This should be altered, Capt. Dyson. Liverpool is the only one ordering 165. Now, Capt. Larder.

* * *

Morrisburg and Cornwall, Cobourg and Moncton,
Calgary, that station in the West as well;
Each of the above ones order 160,
Who'll be the first to order more I cannot tell.

* * *

Lindsay with *Captain Rowan*,
Niagara Falls beside,
Toronto IV. with *Stephens*,
Are running side by side.

* * *

Five stations taking 140 each.
Twelve corps taking 130 each.
Three stations taking 125 each.
Eight stations taking 120 each.
A fight between Fairville and Palmerston.
Nine stations take 110 each.
Hamilton II. and Simcoe are level.
Eight stations take 100 each.

* * *

Will every RISER take a look at these facts and go in for a general all-round rise. God will help you. I know He will.

* * *

Dovercourt and Uxbridge,
Whitby and Tilbury, too,
Kemptville, Paris, Oxford,
Take 95, 'tis true.

* * *

Eleven stations order 90,
Nine order 85,
Seventeen order 80,
Ten take 75.

* * *

Now, let every D.O., F.O., and soldier specially watch the List during the coming winter months. I know, I feel sure, I am confident that great things will take place in the "War Cry" sale, and that the circulation will be doubly increased. This is what I look for, long for, work for, and *pray* for. God bless you, comrades.

PRY.

Poor, Poor, Poor Woodstock.

—I—

D. O. SHARPE.

The Barracks Packed Full.

INGERSOLL.—We had a band concert on Friday night. The Woodstock band came and assisted our magnificent Salvation Military Brass Band. The music roused the town, and we had our *big brick barracks packed full.* Some visiting officers sang some beautiful solos, as did also the Woodstock boys, accompanied by organ and violin. The bands gave some good selections of S. A. music. The proceeds go towards buying new instruments for our boys. Splendid marches and lovely meetings on Sunday; *seventy-eight on one march,* and one soul at night.—Capt. ANDREWS.

Sixteen at the Imperial City.

OTTAWA.—I must write and tell you that God is showering blessings upon us here. On Saturday, Sunday and Monday we had Adjt. Manton and Ensign Archibald with us, so you may be sure we just had a proper time. On Sunday all day God was with us; crowds splendid; collections good, and best of all, sixteen souls came out, some seeking sanctification, others pardon. Praise the Lord. You'll not be surprised when I tell you that Adjutant and Ensign could not keep their feet still. Then the meeting last night was owned of God. Two backsliders returned home. And the glory we give to Thee, Lord.—Capt. MOSS.

lor, and appointed to the command of the Yorkshire Division.

Ten and a half years has Colonel Coldman laboured as Captain, Major, and Colonel in the North of England—years full of event and incident, in themselves enough to fill a large volume. This Colonel Coldman is well known among the North Country folk, and he knows them well, too, for no one has a better opportunity for studying the idiosyncrasies of humdrum Northern than a Salvation Army officer.

"If they take to you they'll eat you, if they don't they'll kill you," is the character given to Colonel Cadman of a certain northern town, and he regarded as a friend of the whole, and, as he still lives and works, we may safely come to the conclusion that whether he travels North-wards, he meets with no lack of Northern hospitality.

Starting with 11 stations in Yorkshire, he, with all the energy of which his nature was capable, set to work to extend, and extend his borders. One after another sprang up, Whitington, Moor, Hockmondwike, York, Scarborough, Selby, Castleford, Shipley, Halifax, and so on, till the Salvation Army became a household word in the North, in spite of much opposition, and not a little persecution. Colonel Cadman marched steadily on, and if when he entered a town they didn't like him, why he just stayed till they did, and once fairly known, the people would sooner think of parting with their most cherished possessions than the Army!

The Colonel and Mrs. Cadman and their daughter stood alone in their early divisional day, but as the work increased, and bit by bit shines other than York were annexed to the division, more help was required, and divisional officers under Colonel Cadman supplied the need. Upon farewelling from the North, preparatory to undertaking new and important duties at International Headquarters, his division was divided up and worked by several Majors.

His present work is so wide and varied in scope as to enable him to place the fruits reaped from his years of experience at the disposal of every divisional officer in Great Britain. Essentially an "all-round man" by nature and training, he is able to go to a town, judge of the worth of land which may be offered for a barracks, give "common-sensical," if not technical, advice as to the architecture of the building to be erected thereon, explain the Army to a neutral public in the town hall, gather the field officers of the neighborhood for an eminently practical council, give any amount of cable advice to the divisional officer at odd moments, wind up with a tremendous half night of prayer, and go on to the next place. Thus, "unknown, and yet well-known," the little sweep-boy of forty Years ago, goes up and down England proclaiming the power of the blood his God which brought him forth out of the land of Egypt, that he should not be an bondman, broke the bars of his yoke and made him go upright!

Shots from Fort St. John.

BY "BANJO."

Major Jacobs and the St. John I. Band have just returned home from the Annapolis Valley, where they had a wonderful kingdom-extending, God-glorifying, devil-driving, soul-saving time.

A letter to hand tells of a grand time at Newcastle during the visit of Capt. Miller who has been visiting her friends in the East. Five precious souls sought and found mercy.

Thus writes a comrade during the week "Lieut. and I were out selling 'War Crys' to-day, and we only sold one each, but we are confident victory. Everybody pray that God will give victory to these comrades.

Another Hallelujah Wedding is on the programme. Who will it be? Where will it take place? I guess I had better find it; but perhaps if you ask D.O. he might tell you.

Some farewells, also an officers' council is on the board, and I trust this gathering together may be the means in God's hands of stirring every comrade in the East to do something desperate for God and souls this coming winter.

Despite the many difficulties we have to face on every side, the War still goes on, and personally in my own experience I can say,

"In the watch of the night or the rush of the day,
In the whirl of the battle through life's busy way,
I live for Him Who has made me free,
Who died, yes, died, on the cross for me."

EASTERN Battles for Souls

THE COMMISSIONER

ASSISTED BY

Majors HOLLAND and LEIGHTON, and Lieut. LEE, the Colored Singer and Guitar Player,

WILL VISIT THE FOLLOWING CORPS:—

OTTAWA,	Thursday	October	9
ST. JOHN I., N.B.,	Saturday and Sunday,	"	11, 12
ST. JOHNS, Nfld.,	Thursday	"	16
	(If boat arrives in time)		
HARBOR GRACE,	Friday and Saturday,	"	17
ST. JOHNS I.,	Saturday, and Sunday,	"	18, 19
CARBONEAR,	Monday,	"	20
BAY ROBERTS,	Tuesday,	"	21
BRIGUS,	Wednesday,	"	22
HALIFAX I.,	Sunday and Monday,	"	26, 27
SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I.,	Tuesday,	"	28
QUEBEC,	Thursday,	"	30
MONTREAL I.,	Friday,	"	31

Let Every Officer and Soldier at These Corps Pray for Great Soul-Saving and Sanctifying Times.

THE COMMISSIONER will interview Candidates and all Persons desirous of Entering the Work, after each Meeting.

We Declare War Against the Devil

Colonel Cadman,

THE FIRST ARMY CAPTAIN, WILL VISIT

LONDON, Saturday, Sept. 20, to Thursday, Sept. 25, inclusive.
ST. THOMAS, Friday, Sept. 26.
CHATHAM, ONT., Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Sept. 27, 28, 29.
INGERSOLL, Tuesday, Sept. 30.
WOODSTOCK, ONT., Wednesday, Oct. 1.
STRATFORD, Thursday, Oct. 2.
PALMERSTON, Friday, Oct. 3.
HAMILTON, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Oct. 4, 5, 6.

GREAT TIMES IN LONDON.

The Commissioner,

ASSISTED BY

Colonel CADMAN, the Chief and Field Secretaries, Major LEIGHTON and Lieut. LEE, the Colored Singer and Guitar Player, will visit

London on Thursday, September 26th, 1889.

In Connection with Opening of Rescue Home there.

MARVELLOUS TIMES ARE EXPECTED!

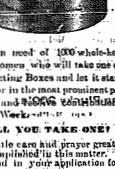
OFFICIAL NOTICES.

Each officer in command of a corps is expected to make a proposal to their D. O. for commissioning a Lieutenant or Treasurer, if one is not already in the Corps, or is vacant. Send in the proposal well away.

On and about usual local appointments, from which Headquarters has to be relied for the same. Each D. O. on visiting a corps will examine and compare books with record, and report. Do not let the books come out of date.

Be COLOR-SERGEANTS. One of the most important duties of the Color-Sergeant is to watch carefully for coming horses, and to quietly forward to Headquarters the Text in advance of the officer, so as to be able to avoid any disturbance of the exercises.

T. H. ADAMS.



Rescue Collecting Box.

We are in need of 1000 whole-hearted Men and Women who will take one of the above Collecting Boxes and let it stand on their table or in the most prominent part of their home and BOXES CONTRIBUTE for our Rescue Work.

WILL YOU TAKE ONE?

With a little care and prayer great good can be accomplished by this matter.

Please send in your application for one of these boxes to

Commissioner Adams,
Prison Gate Brigade and Enquiry Dept.
War Office, Albert St., Toronto.

WANTED! WANTED!

A competent Tailor. None but a properly-saved Salvationist need apply. Send on testimonials to

Commissioner Adams,
War Office, Albert St., Toronto.

THEY ARE COMING.

The following Goods will soon be in Stock:—
Table and Toilet Spreads, with text worked on the centre.
S. A. Mats, with "God bless our home," in the centre.
Crests for Bandsmen's Caps.
Junior Soldiers' Badges for Local Officers.
Lithographs of General and Mrs. Booth, Booth-Tucker and Wife, Ballington and Mrs. Booth, Major Musa Bhai.

PUBLICATIONS.

Godliness, Holiness, Healthy, Holy Living, Heathen England, 21 Years' Salvation Army, Life of Finney, Finney's Lectures to Christians, Finney's Lectures on Revivals, Finney's Skeletons of Theological Lectures, Lives of Bramwell, Fletcher, Carvosso, Mrs. Cuyler and others, The Question of Questions, Baptism of the Holy Ghost, Scriptural Way of Holiness, Billy Bray, The King's Son, The Salvation Mine, and a large stock of other Works.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER. ONE CENT PER COPY, 60 cents per annum. Printed on thick paper, with illustrations. 11th Penny Printed Novel. Price, 5 cents. Toronto, Ont.

THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the W.C. with original articles by the Commissioner, Mrs. Booth, and Addresses and Songs by the Officers and Soldiers. There is no more effectual way of spreading salvation than by increasing the circulation of THE WAR CRY. Every Salvationist should be anxious to obtain and intensify the devotion of The Army, and to extend the work of the Lord. Prayerful and energetic attack upon the kingdom of the world and the devil never failed to bring the Power and Manifestation of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Printed, Published, and Sold, by Adjutant Jones, Printer, 2 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.